

No 22
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HAMMER'S

ENEMY FROM SPACE -the full film
told in comics

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Horror

HALLS OF

FRANKENSTEIN

THE GORGON

3-D MOVIES

Interview with
DARIO ARGENTO



Maya Merchandising

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Contents

ENEMY FROM SPACE



Hammer's second Quatermass film told in comics.

POST MORTEM

5

BEFORE THE DAWN

30

The HoH interview: with top Italian director/writer Dario Argento.

MEDIA MACABRE

13

UNLIKE ANYTHING SEEN

34

The 3-D Movie Phenomenon. Where it worked, and why it failed.

MEDIA MACABRE REVIEW

14

FLASHBACK: JULY 1968

40

Rosemary's Baby. Polanski's classic film of demonic possession.

TEN DAYS OF TERROR

16

HISTORY OF HAMMER 5

42

Readers' raves and roastings on recent issues.

MEDIA MACABRE

17

All the latest news on what's coming in the fantasy film world.

MEDIA MACABRE REVIEW

18

HELSING'S TERRORTALES

47

The HoH critics review *The Shout*, *Kingdom of the Spiders* and *The Last Wave*.

HAMMER'S HALLS OF HORROR

27

TEN DAYS OF TERROR

Our roving writer Denis Gifford covers the recent Spanish fantasy film festival.

KISS OF THE VAMPIRE

48

"Mrs Murphy's Murders"

49

"Mrs Murphy's Murders" is a somewhat different Terror Tele told in comics this month.

HAMMER'S HALLS OF HORROR Volume 2, Number 11, August 1978 issue.

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Editorial

Over superstressing, writing or impressing Hell all the time, we decided on a rather unusual approach with this month's move-in.

You may remember in *HoH*'s what Paul Morris came up with a fantastic review of Hammer's *Maze Deva*. 2, spicing the content, macabre and mysterious. This review we adapt much earlier Hammer sci-fi film... the earthbound *Catacombs*. Coming from Spain. But this time, with figures crossed we're presenting it as a 1960s sci-fi thriller, complete with long flowing coats, leggy bunnies... the lot. Even the title, inevitably executed by our latest head—David Lloyd. In remembrance of a '60s magazine. As always, we look forward to your opinions. As we also welcome your comments, critical or complimentary, on our forthcoming feature on *Hammer's* 25th Anniversary.

On the business side, we've managed to pack in quite a variety of material this issue round, ranging from David Gifford's view of a fantasy film festival, through to S.O. Mervin, a double-page helping of film reviews, an interview with Sean Argent and a ten-year flashback to *Rosemary's Baby*.

Our cover should be of special interest, so it is by Hammer Film regular, Kenan Forbes, and is quite a unique piece of work. Using the original pre-production artwork for the promotion of *Frankenstein* and *The Monster from Hell*. For comparison with the finished product, you will have to wait for our *Monster from Hell* adaptation issue, but we'll try to make the wait worth while...

Next issue features the much awaited movie-strip of *Beastie of Dracula*, with Dr Jekyll & Sister Hyde and *The Devil Rides Out* to follow.

At the time of writing this editorial (late April) your responses to our Draw-a-Monster competition in *HoH* #2 are flowing in thick and fast, with some exceptionally high-quality work among them. We won't have all year available for another new monster yet, and only then will we be able to print the results.

Good luck to you all.

Sue Stone (Editor)

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ENEMY FROM SPACE

...prologue



THE WAR FROM SPACE

(QUATERMASS II)

ONE SAME NIGHT,
AT AN OBSERVATORY,
SCIENTISTS ANDRADE
AND BRAULD WERE
TRACKING SOMETHING
MOVING UNUSUAL...

WHAT ARE THESE
METEORITES?

NO... TOO
LOW... AND
TOO SLOW...

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

Starring

BRIAN DONLEVY ... Professor Quatermass
JOHN LONGDEN ... Lomas
SIDNEY JAMES ... Jenny Hall
BRYAN FORBES ... Marsh
WILLIAM FRANKLYN ... Brand
VERA DAY ... Sheila
JOHN VAN EYSEN ... Public Relations Man

Directed by VAL GUEST; Produced by ANTHONY HINDS; Screenplay by VAL GUEST & NOËL KNEALE from the BBC TV series by Nigel Kneale 95 mins. 1967. Released by United Artists.



Artist Steve Parkhouse

Art: David Lloyd



AS ACHING THE CREST OF
A HILL, THEY SURELY
SAW...

THE MOON
PROJECT?

UNBELIEVABLE!

IT'S...

BUT THOSE
DOMES...

HEY, LOOK...ON
THE GROUND, ALL
AROUND US...THE
METEORITES!

LOOK AT THIS ONE...
IT ISN'T EVEN CRACKED
BUT IT'S
VIBRATING?

SUDDENLY...

BOOF!

MARSH... YOUR FACE!
THERE WAS SOMETHING
CAKING ON YOUR FACE!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

MARSH!

HE NEEDS
MEDICAL
HELP!

HELP ME GET
HIM INTO THE CAR
...HE'S SICK...

HEY! WHAT
THE... WHO
ARE YOU?

GO... NOW...

MARSH!











CONCLUDING CHAPTER ON PAGE 28.

POST MORTEM

Columbia-Murphy House, 1235-147 Wardour Street, London W1V 4DA, England.

Thank you for the world's greatest horror Magazine. Your mag has exceeded many people's hopes, and nothing that I've read has equalled it.

Your interest in *HELL HELL* literally stunned me. In mere weeks there are Adams/Goldblum art in a British mag highlights the fact that *HELL* has progressed to a mag of recognition. Whatever you do though please don't ignore the British (being as the mag acts as a good showcase for us). We see too little of... especially Britain and Wales.

Changing the title... well, I wish you look on that score. I am nothing in comparison. In fact it could make the mag one of the best of its type of all time.

With the magazine now in sole in America, Russia and Australia this proves the fact that *HELL* is an amazing success.

Peter Neumann,
Rockville,

I could not agree more with M. Clarke's letter in *HELL* #8, Gary Goldfarb in *The Scream Age* shows how your regular column. I also agree that there should be more about the old Universal films, as Universal was the best and most filth company.

I think your magazine would benefit if you had a lot more articles and photos of the older films. *Hell*, *Princess of Darkness* by John Salton in *HELL* #8, *For Nostalgia's Terror Tales* are very good but should be kept short.

I didn't think much of the *Foundation*, *Dreadlock #Hannibal* comes right in *HELL* #8, as it makes the mag more like a Marvel comic, rather than a film magazine.

Nicky Gold,
St. Albans

Congratulations on *HELL* #8. I thought the adaptation of *The Ripper* was brilliant although Brian Levant's artwork, good as it was, didn't totally capture the atmosphere of the film. His *Marty Spender* (May Barrett) looked somewhat odd and thus also it was incomplete, whatever happened to the horrific introduction?

Your film reviews were so good as always, and the *Polar Coding* lithographs was extremely interesting. On the negative side, I thought this issue's *Par Nostalgia's Horror* took a bit long.

Colin Quigleyham,
London.

Sur "Incomplet" referenced was lots many previous strips, rather from the first strippage, rather than the final outcome. You'll find that, if you do the same, our adaptors do very close the finished film, but as stated before, we prefer to give you those of this fashion rather than the others more hinded form) because first of, if you're already aware the movie, it's as a terrible plus to know what could have been there, and the budget/running/timeline allowed for it.

Mark

Your magazine is a pleasure to read. It gives us, the few, what we really need and that is entertainment. The approach of a magazine to the horrific/horror/Battle/horror film is of underlying importance to us

success, and this is where *HELL*'s success lies. I am delighted by the fact that you treat the genre in such a unique way, as opposed to many others.

I am also surprised at the in-depth quality of many of your articles. For a professional magazine, some of these are very impressive. The current film reviews are interesting information, and often very well written. (John Fleming's review of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* had me in hysterics.) And here's another thought on *HELL*: your review knew how to convey humour without overdoing it and without making the film (unless it deserves to be insulted!).

Fantastic congratulations on a great magazine. I wish you success in all your future publications.

Robert Pfeifer,
Northants.

Mark

Your magazine can only do good for the monster world and fans. In my opinion, you are leading your publication to try harder, to make themselves competitive. Consequently the monster field of publications will be very improved and we'll even all sit up.

Burney Clarke,
Burney St Edmunds

Please either certainly note as this month's "What Oceans Commit", "Nervous". Our auto satanists have I just to cross the threshold of any competitive magazines as abhorrent, but if that means we too have to retribute our efforts, it must be a step in the right direction. Thanks for the compliment!

Mark

I think that when you do not have any *Warren* like adaptations to print, you should not have any more comic style at all just a *Par Nostalgia's Terror Tales*. You note stated that the male comic strip was to tell the story of a *Hannibal Lecter* for people who hadn't seen it originally, but in issue #8 lead strip was *Batman*, and in issue #8 *Final Adams' Dreadlock*, *Frankenstein* and the *Witches*.

These were both awful, but if I wanted to read a male horror comic strip, I would buy one of the many better comics available.

John-Paul Chanty,
Livingston

John-Paul... I agree. *HELL* won't be *Adams'* "entirely never come right"... not even *EXTRA*-ordinary stuff. Father Shadrak is tied to *Hannibal* already, and *not* because of through him. It's Jing together lots of *face*s within the *Warren* *Horror* World (as we did in issue #8 with *Tomb of Hell*). *Stevens*, *Frankenstein* and the *Warren* was a pure experiment & not w/ "*homage to Universal*". We're now back to straight *Adams* saves, with the upcoming *Brooks of Brooks* (just now), *Dr Jekyll and Sister Hyde* (#46/47), and then such films as *The Devil Rides Out* (*The Devil's Brood*), *House of Frankenstein*, *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*, plus a few surprises. To select your appetites... Did you ever wonder what happened to Lephal Van Nostrom's young wife *Mrs Krew* and what happened in *Dreadlock*'s cabin after he was destroyed in *Chain*? (*The Legend of the 7 Golden Vampires*, *HELL*). Or where *Kleen*, *Dreadlock*'s little suddenly appeared? (*The Curse of Dracula*, *Prince of Darkness*, *HELL*). An old and were next to exploded to the mouth to come

Mark

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210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 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1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1

MEDIA MACABRE

FILM SCENE news

De Palma delights

Good to see Brian De Palma putting his friends George Lucas and Steven Spielberg to the top of the box-office charts with his new movie. While *The Fury* is, perhaps, a less satisfying experience than *Carrion*—at one time it seems to be something of a telekinetic sequel—it's drawing major money as its American release, rapidly toppling such box office greats as *Citizen Kane*, *Psycho*, *Saturday Night Fever* and *The Goodbye Girl*. . . . with *Come Running* a poor fifth.

Not that the Stateside Catholics like it. The U.S. Catholic Conference's Film and Broadcasting Review heavily slapped De Palma for the film's "violence, its unrelenting depiction of bloodshed and its effort to human dignity . . . an aging couple trapped in a crime-action environment and obliged to care for a disabled mother as comic relief."

For *The Fury* John Farris scripted his own novel, with enough gaps in believability to make you want to read his book (good grammar, that) and the music is by John Williams.

Pals Inc.

Steven Spielberg on Brian De Palma: "I'm interested now in doing some films which are unique and experimental—and very personal. While I'm doing that, Brian De Palma will go out and make a big, trashy epic that will all love—that, he'll resent his own success and he'll go out and make a small movie. Then, I'll go back and make a trashy epic. Hopefully, we'll be able to keep going and make some good movies in between."

In Brian's case, we're sure *The Fury* is not one of them—it's not trashy, but it's not his best

either. We hold out for greater expectations for De Palma's *Berserkiah Men*, which should put him at last, where he should be: Level-peggng with Lucas and Spielberg and not trailing behind them.

Satanism strikes

Way, way beyond De Palma in Hollywood, is director Gas Tigris (ex-member of Goldie

Iones). Once out, most of Cross's gaskets are wasted by electric shock, fire-shock or just plain shock.

Almost gaunting amid the screams, TV's wittiest villain, Victor Buono, plays Mr. Schubert from *The Man From Atlantis*. Only this time out, he actually is the Devil. Sounds ridiculous, I know, but it works. If caddish George Burns can play god, why not over-caddish Buono as Satan?

Merle Oberon has the title role, Vitruce Gessman is Dante. Also included in the malaise: Jessica Lange—her first movie since *King Kong*.

Romero/Argento

According to Trieste Films of Rome, the George Romero-Dario Argento get-together, *Dawn of the Dead*, will now be called *The Zombies Are Coming*.

Butchery

One to miss—Andy Milligan's movie, *Legacy of Blood*. This one boasts an all-starless cast and 82 minutes of relentless, unbroken blood-letting of the worst order. Milligan has to accept all the blame—and none of the credit. He wrote, photographed, produced and directed the filth.

There is, of course, the thought that Milligan felt he was merely going one better than, say, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Let's put him straight—he wasn't, didn't, and I doubt if he could. His pretense is ye old making-the-will-time, with all the family being butchered and disembowelled in turn.

But as yet, I've not heard one angry word about the abysmal film from the U.S. Catholic Conference people. Although the consensus only makes headlines when they hit a winner!

Italian style

There are times when it would seem that Italy alone is continuing to make better vehicles. Latest winner in American cinemas is Alberto De Martino's *The Temptation*—very much a case of *The Exorcist meets The Devil with music by Ennio Morricone*.

Choice cuts

The grisly French thriller, *Choice Cuts*, which has become either a hobbyhorse of mine lately—it's rather like a first draft of *Citizen Kane*—has raised its ugly head again. French director Jacques Denys tells me the film rights of the Boileau-Nacache book were last held by Italian

PETER LUCAS PRESENTS A FILM BY WILFRED CRAVEN Writer & Director of THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT THE HILLS HAVE EYES



Hewitt). He's improving though. His new release, *The Fall*—privately hated here and shot as *Cry Beast*—is a neat 95-minute piece of terror, not too far removed from the style and power of Matheson's *Legend of Hell House*.

Psychologist Richard Crenna and his wife, Jonetta Pettet, are the couple leaving the house in question, under which floorboards is a satanic spirit waiting to be

As one American critic was moved to report, he sets a new standard for a rarely depicted character.

Rarely depicted this way, that's for sure. Or until . . .

Fantasy satire

Bru. Kamel himself, Sir Alec Guinness could be the next actor to play God—with Robert Powell reprising his TV Jesus—is a new *Haloween* fantasy, *Pope Satan*.

MEDIA MACABRE

producer Alberto (1986) Grimaldi.

Indeed, Denry goes farther and says it's one film that he'd really wanted to make, but missed out on. "I'm not surprised; the story is a cracker—gaillardant French gingers being pressed back together again by his gods. 'I was really very keen on it,' says Denry in Paris. "I still think about the script... and I'm still available to do it if anyone happens to let me."

Personally, I'd prefer to see George Romero or John Carpenter tackle it. But at least the property doesn't seem to have died completely since Hollywood dropped it years ago. Watch this space.

Corman Mayhem

There's life in the old dog yet. Roger Corman may have switched image of late (by releasing Ingmar Bergman films and even Liz Taylor's assassination of *A Little Night Music*) but you'll be pleased to know that his heart is still in the right place. However, Chicago didn't much go on his latest typically old-Corman-style double bill: *Eaten Alive* and *Devil Times Five*. The towns refused to have the films seen by under-18-year-olds.

The Devil movie, first released four years ago, has five kids fleeing a mental hospital and creating considerable havoc—murdering folk by feeding them to piranha fish. *Eaten Alive*, which sounds more like a subtitle for the other film, starred Mel Fairer and Carolyn Jones in a plot of an inn-keeper, murdering his folk by feeding them to his pet crocodile. *Death Trap* revisited?

The Unexpected

Britain's Anglia Television is entering the currently thin TV world of 'strange stories with a twist in their tail.'

Twenty-six of them, all based on the wonderful short stories of Ray Bradbury in a series called *Tales of the Unexpected*. Pernice Neal, Ms. Dahl, will introduce the shockers, being binned all around the world. First in the can are *Man From*

The South, starring TV's Capt. Nemo, Jérôme Fournier—and *Dip in the Pool* with stalwart English actor Jack Watling. Locations for these two include Jamaica and the Greek islands.

President of Make-Up

New president of the 23-year-old Society of Make-Up Artists in Hollywood is John Chambers—an Oscar-winner for his clever

18th Century Portuguese and American, but Lanthierne calls it a very contemporary study. 'The hero, Rataz, becomes a vampire to give himself time to look for the secret of eternal life.' Which sounds something of a misnomer, considering vampires seem to have that secret, hence their label of the un-dead. Lanthierne goes on: 'It's a film about magic, vampires, murder'.

So is his next one... in a way.

good on such a tiny budget] is a *Lesh Ness offer*, which paged up out of a lake in Colombia and ate nine people in 1871. The film was first reported as going into production way back in *HaH* number one!

Czech meté

Czechoslovakia is the finally selected location for Werner Herzog's new version of the golden vampiric cult classic, *Nosferatu*. His stars remain the same as were announced almost a year ago: Klaus Kinski and Isabelle Adjani. But since Herzog's continual rise in the forefront of the new German wave of directors, 28th Century Fox have decided to back and release the film.

Seven titles to Atlantis?

Following up on *HaH* 21 & 22, the making of a fantasy film, from A to Z. The film was originally titled *Atlantis* (see *HaH* 14, *Medusa*). As George Pal had given us *Atlantis*, *The Lost Continent*, we MGM in 1961 a title change seemed in order. So, the movie became *7 Cities to Atlantis*. Then the TV series *Man From Atlantis* flagged on the ratings and US distributor of *7 Cities*, Columbia, got in touch with EMI in Britain to say that no way did they want the film to come connected with a recent flop TV series. So EMI (British) came up with a new title. *War-Herds of the Deep*. Great, plenty of zip... and, to avoid further sheet, we'll temporarily forget *1965's War-Gods of the Deep* (which, after all, was the American title for the Vincent Price starring *City Under the Sea*).

But... Colombia suddenly made a last minute decision. They remembered they'd just released a blockbuster entitled

The Deep (with a more than slightly similar title style). What EMI (British) thought was a good idea. Columbia/Peter Beachley (*USA*) didn't like.

They've decided to accept the worst of two evils. No, not *7 Cities to the Deep*, but now *Warlords of Atlantis*.



To be released soon, *The Dark*, a film version movie directed by John Bad Coates, starring William Devane, Cally Lee Shady, Richard Jordan and Karen Wynn.

monkeying around with Roddy McDowall and others in *Planet of the Apes* plus *The Island of Dr. Moreau*.

Heroic vampires

The vampires will be good for a change. That's the message of Paris producer Bernard Lanthierne, winner of the film-rights of the France-Kast novel, *Vampires from Alliance*. The book is set in

Young Men With a Long Knife will be the latest updating of Britain's greatest unamed killer—*Jack The Ripper*.

Bogota monster

The indefatigable John Carpenter has been busy down Bogota way making a million-dollar *Monster* movie with Kenesha and Stone Nolte. The monster (which can't look that

THE SHOUT

Review by John Brown

Most films can be placed into categories—westerns, thrillers, melodramas and so on—and *The Shout* can only belong in the “Mysterious Stranger” category. There have been many films, books and plays about a mystery figure (usually a man) who appears from nowhere and disrupts either a small community or just a single family. Ambiguity is usually the key note as such visitors—is the stranger a threat or a blessing? Good or evil? A madman or a creature of the supernatural? These questions are rarely resolved but by the time he leaves, disappears or whatever, he has invariably caused profound changes in the lives of the people he has visited.

In *The Shout* the mysterious stranger is Alan Bates, who has had similar roles before (... in the play of Harold Pinter and in *Whistle Down the Wind* where he was a conviction-on-the-run mistaken for Jesus Christ by some children, but never with such demonic energy). Bates is Charles Crossley, a dark, brooding man who invites himself to lunch at the home of Anthony (John Hurt) and Rachel (Samantha York) one Sunday afternoon and then refuses to leave. He convinces Anthony that he has the power to kill merely with a shout, something he learned while living with the Aborigines for eighteen years.

Once upon a time people in movies used to go to Tibet to learn mystic secrets but now the Australian Outback has become the “in” place for supernatural activity, thanks to films like Picnic at Hanging Rock and *The Last Wave*.

After Charles gives Anthony a demonstration of his power on a remote Devon beach, where he produces a sword not unlike that of a jumbo jet that has sheep dropping dead and birds falling out of the sky, Anthony is understandably terrified of him and later stands helplessly by as Charles openly seduces Rachel. But eventually the warm sun and Anthony uses Charles's own magic against him—Charles believes that his soul is hidden in a certain rock and when Anthony locates the rock and breaks it Charles collapses in agony, a moment that coincides with the arrival of the police to arrest him for the murder of his children.

What sets *The Shout* out of the ordinary “Mysterious Stranger” category is the Dr Caligari-like framing device that the film utilizes—the story is told in flashback during a bizarre cricket match held between the inmates of an insane asylum and local villagers. Charles, who is obviously an imbecile, recounts the story himself to outsider Robert (Tim



Spectators and players run in terror from the hunting session. Insert: Alan Bates giving a demonstration of 'The Shout', a killing scream he learned from Australian Aborigines.

Curry of *Rocky Horror Show* fame) while they keep score for the match. As we see Anthony playing in the tears, and later see Rachel in a nurse's uniform, one is led to wonder whether the whole story is just a fantasy that George has created based on people he has seen around. Or if part of the story was true, then what's part? Or was it part of Anthony's fantasy? Or Rachel's? The film-makers certainly don't go out of their way to provide any definite answers, nor does the film's climax shed any light on the situation when, during a thunderstorm that disrupts both the match and the mental stability of several of the inmates, Charles gives another demonstration of his shouting power. Death results, but was it simply caused by a bolt of lightning, and was the roaring sound just a 747 passing overhead? Or does George really have the power? We'll never know ... and we're not supposed to. The film has been deliberately made as a puzzle which can be interpreted in any number of ways.

The Shout is Britain's official entry at Cannes this year and is so darned clever, it seems as if it was designed for showing at a film festival. Director Jerry Skolimowski (who co-wrote the script with Michael Austin) has packed the film with so many postmodern visual symbols that there's hardly room for anything else—glass breaks significantly, mirrors are shattered, bones gleam in the sun, an insect is

ritually squashed against a pane of glass, a horse almost knocks Rachel off her bike, a bird flutters helplessly in a kitchen and so on. *The Shout* contains even more significant moments per minute than Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (it's probably no coincidence that the cameraman Mike Molloy originally trained with Roeg on such films as *Walkabout*). As the outragous *Beef* explained in *Phantom of the Paradise*: “The Karma's so thick around here you need an aqua-lung to breathe!”

The Shout boasts an excellent cast, marvellous photography, and breathtaking locations but basically I think it's an over-inflated film ... and by the time you read this it's probably won the Grand Prize at Cannes.

THE SHOUT (1978)

Alan Bates (Courtesy), Samantha York (Rachele), John Hurt (Anthony), Robert Stephens (Chief Medical Officer), Tim Curry (George), Julian Hough (Peter), Carol Drinkwater (Cobbler's Wife), Nick Stringer (Collier).

Produced by Jeremy Thomas. Directed by Jerry Skolimowski. Screenplay, from Robert Graves, story, by Michael Austin and Jerry Skolimowski. Music by Rupert Hine. Photography by Mike Molloy. Edited by Berrie Vince. Make-Up by Wally Schadlerman. Paravision Eastman Colour. Time: 87 mins.



THE LAST WAVE

Review by Beney Aldrich

While *The Sheet's* use of aborigine tribal magic and legends acts as little more than a mysterious arsenic origin for Alan Bates' power, possibly a healthy—possibly a fantasy, *The Last Wave* leaves no doubt.

Impossible to categorise, *The Last Wave* is a frighteningly sincere disaster movie in many ways. Sincere in that Aborigine tribal leader, Nandjwarrin Armagal, MBE, only consented to appear in the film in order to bring to wider public notice a greater understanding and appreciation of the spiritual tradition of his people.

The plot concerns David Burton (Richard Chamberlain), a happily married Sydney lawyer, defending four aborigines in what appears to be a straightforward murder case. Yet the film actually opens with the

first of its various weird events... an arid desert area near Sydney is suddenly attacked by a storm of fire-lit halibutons from a cloudless sky.

As the film progresses, Burton's sane, orderly world becomes totally bizarre, as he witnesses black rain, dreams of the city being totally underwater and has recurring nightmares involving one of the four aborigines on trial, Chris Lee (David Gulpilil, star of *Storm Boy* and *Walkabout*).

But by bit, Burton finds himself becoming more and more involved in the aborigines' tribal magic, and discovers that the murder was a ritual killing, done by "pointing the bone" at the intended victim who had broken tribal law. But Burton soon realises



that his part in the whole affair is much greater than merely being Defence Attorney for the tribe.

Following his dreams of mass death and destruction, Burton is staggered to hear from his father, a minister of religion, that, as a child he had often dreamed of the future... and his dreams had always come true!

Fearfully, Burton explains his dreams to the tribal leader, Charlie (Nandjwarrin Armagal), who believes him to be a re-incarnation of an almost god-like leader of a previous white civilisation that was destroyed by a giant tidal wave.

Unable to accept this, Burton is taken to underground caves beneath the city where wall paintings tell of the disaster, paintings done possibly thousands of years ago. But here he also learns the staggering truth of his dreams, in a prediction made about his own present white society.

Panicking, he runs from the caves and, at the end of underground tunnels and sewers, emerges on a city beach. As he staggers out the sky darkens and he raises his eyes to see the terrifying truth come about.

A totally gripping film, far superior to its producers' (Hal and James McElroy) and director's (Peter Weir) previous康城 (Canberra) and Picnic At Hanging Rock, *The Last Wave* creates a strong mood of baffling tension and fear at its onset and maintains it throughout its 106 minutes right up to the climax, which successfully brings together the whole mystery in one staggering revelation.

An excellent film, highly recommended, as is the paperback novelisation—despite its somewhat unimaginative cover.

THE LAST WAVE (1978)

Richard Chamberlain (as David Burton), Olivia Hussey (as Iris Burton), David Gulpilil (as Chris Lee), Nandjwarrin Armagal (Charlie), Frederick Parlow (Rev. Burton). Produced by Hal and James McElroy; Directed by Peter Weir; Screenplay by Peter Weir, Tony Margheri and Peter Popescu from an original idea by Peter Weir. Distributed (in Britain) by United Artists. No U.S. distributor at time of going to press.



Top Left: Richard Chamberlain as David Burton—a man with questions. Top Right: Gulpilil as Chris Lee—a man who may have answers. Directly above: Charlie (Nandjwarrin Armagal) shows Burton the way with which he would have killed him, had Burton failed the tribal test of will.

KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS



Review by Alan Jones

Kingdom of the Spiders is yet another attempt by nature to take revenge on mankind. This time it's the turn of the local tarantula population of the small Arizona town of Verde. The farmers in the area have been using a lethal pesticide that has been killing off the spiders' natural food source, so the vengeful arachnids start attacking their livestock first, the inhabitants second, and pastures new third, leaving behind the town covered in a huge silken web.

Only the gloomy photography distinguishes the very thin, and now very hackneyed, plot. Otherwise it's '50s clichés all the way and unless you have a fear of arachnids, the only source of amusement is hearing the banal dialogue, counting how many incredible plot coincidences there are, or watching the actors (who are supposedly trying to kill off the encroaching spiders) do everything but step on them or hurt them while trying to brush them off their clothing. Obviously the spiders had a money-back guarantee or they were

intelligent enough to form a union?

The film also poses the question, "Would William Shatner have ever been found if it hadn't been for Star Trek?" The answer has to be No, not that he's any worse than the rest of the cast, who were probably chosen more for their ability to handle the eight-legged creatures than their ability to act.

However, director John "Bad" Cardos has taken over from Tobe Hooper on the new film "The Dark", so somebody somewhere must like him on the strength of this offering.

Quite honestly though, you've seen it all before in films like *The Birds*, *Fright* and *Scream* and there would be no reason to see

it all again except for the fact that, in Great Britain, the film goes out with a far superior title, *The Redeemer*.

Kingdom of the Spiders (1977)

William Shatner (Rock Mansur), Tiffany Bell (Diane Ashley), Woody Strode (Walter Calfee), Adrienne Barbeau (Gloria), Louis Diamond (Zevon Winkhorn), David McLean (Elmer Smith), Natasha Ryan (Luisa), Marcy Lafferty (Terry Hansen). Screenplay by Richard Robinson and Alan Callan. Directed by John (Bad) Cardos. Produced by Henry Fonda. Distributed by Enterprise Pictures. Time: 90 mins



THE REDEEMER



The *Redeemer* is an extraordinarily good exploitation film, that is only similar to *Kingdom of the Spiders* in that it takes its concept from the more recent trends in the genre. Against those that the difference is enormous, as director Constantine S. Gochas weaves ideas from *The Omen* and *Carrie* with a lot of imagination, freshness and originality.

The story should not be totally given away as it is meant to surprise and perhaps which is one of the reasons why the film works so well. If you are constantly trying to figure out what exactly is going on, you won't notice the fact that *The Redeemer*'s surprises aren't really all that unique. So let it be said that a young boy called Christopher rises from the depths of a lake

and takes his place in the local church choir. The priest sermonises about the Seven Deadly Sins and interact with this are scenes of three men and three women getting ready for their class reunion. After arriving separately at the school hall, they realise that no one else has been invited. Too late they discover they are locked in and the first of a series of six murders is about to occur all perpetrated by a figure, sometimes dressed as a clown, at other times dressed like the Grim Reaper, but always calling himself the *Redeemer*.

Who is he and what does he have to do with the opening scenes concerning the priest and Christopher? Just when you think the film has run out of steam and is about to become predictable, Gochas packs a punch and surprises everyone by the explanation. The murders are unusual, starting and frighteningly well acted by the unknown cast, one of whom has the amazing name of T. G. Finkbinder, and another, Gyr Patterson, is a dead ringer for Simon Spack.

Two films thus from Dimension Productions, both released in Great Britain by Enterprise Pictures Limited. Dimension Productions were also responsible for last year's *Body Cat* and have another film called *The Devil Cat* starring Donald Pleasence and Nancy Kwan about to be released. Out of the two directors involved in this particular double bill, however, I'll be looking forward more to the next film from Constantine S. Gochas than I will from John "Bad" Cardos.

The Redeemer (1977)

Damien Knight (as John), Jeannette Arnette (as Giselle), Nick Carter (as Terry), Nikki Barthen (as Sue), Michael Hollingsworth (as Peter), Gyr Patterson (as Kieran), T. G. Finkbinder (as Christopher), Constantine Gochas (as Christopher). Screenplay by William Vernick. Directed by Constantine Gochas. Produced by Sheldon Tromberg. Distributed by Enterprise Pictures. Time: 83 mins

ENEMY FROM SPACE

Part Two

MEANWHILE, BACK AT SCOTLAND
YARD, REPORTER JIMMY HALL
WAS LOOKING FOR A STORY...







RIGHT, LET'S GO... BUT REMEMBER,
THE DOMES AT WINNERDEN
ARE FULL OF AMMONIAC CORROSIVE... FOOD FOR
THE ALIEN ORGANISMS... BUT
READY TO USE?



LISTEN, JARRE...
WE'VE HAD YOUR
SORT BEFORE, ASHLEY.
GO-GOING, REPORTER.
WE'VE GOT GOOD JOBS...
AND WE KEEP OUR
MOUTHS SHUT...ON!

NO GOOD
MEETING
AROUND THE
BUSH, JARRE...

LISTEN, ALL OF
YOU, YOU'RE IN
DANGER. THE PLANT
DOES NOT PRODUCE
FOOD, BUT POISON
LETHAL POISON!

WHAT
ARE YOU
ACCUSING
US OF?







HEARING A NOISE
BEHIND THEM,
BRAND TURNED...

My god...
MARCH!

FIVE...
FOUR...
THREE...

REALISING THE
DANGER, BRAND
THREW HIMSELF
INTO THE LINE OF
FIRE...

AAAAAH!!

AND WITH A
DEAFENING
BLAST, THE
UNMANAGED
ROCKET
NEARED
ITSELF
FROM THE
GROUND...

IGNITION!

YATATTATA!

LOOK AT THAT...
SOMEONE'S FIRING
A FLARE!

THAT'S NO
FLARE! IT'S
THE ONE THING
THAT CAN SAVE
US... AND ALL
HUMANITY!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
OUT THERE?

I DON'T LIKE IT,
QUATEBRASS...
THE FIGHTING
IS OVER... THERE'S
NOT A SOUL AROUND
NO BODIES...
NOTHING!

Suddenly...

WHAT'S
THAT?

THE PIPE'S
CRACKED... DON'T
WORRY... IT'S
ONLY OXYGEN!

THEY'RE
TRYING TO BLOCK
THE OXYGEN...
FROM INSIDE
THE DOME!

BLOCK
IT WITH
WHAT?

HERE'S
SOMETHING
DRIPPING...

IT'S BLOOD!

HUMAN POOL
MANY SAYS THEY'VE
KILLED YOUR FRIENDS
TO THE RHINOS IN
THE DOME...

WHAT'S IT?
IT'S TIME WE
BLEW THIS PLACE
APART!

WAIT! DON'T
RISK IT... THERE
ARE MORE OF
THEM THAN YOU!



DEAR TO DISASTERMAKERS
WARNING... MELLEON'S
ONLY THOUGHT IS
REVENGE...

WE'RE
GONA GET
YOU YOU FILTHY,
MURDERING
FIDS!

AND TOO LATE... THEY
REALISE THE FULL HORROR
THEY HAVE RELEASED!

AAAAGH!

SO... NO!

SAY AT THAT
MOMENT, BACK
AT THE PI-PORT

GET OUT!
IT'S AFTER THE
AMMONIA!

NEXT MOMENT,
THE SKY
ERUPTED WITH
UNEARTHLY
LUMINOUS AND
SOUNDLESS
EXPLOSION...

THE
ROCKET!
IT MADE
IT! /

IT'S DYING...
IT CAN'T SURVIVE
IN THIS
ATMOSPHERE...

LOOK
OUT!

HELP
ME...

WHAT
HAPPENED
WHERE
AM I?

LOOK...
THE MASK IS
FADING...

HOW ON EARTH
DO I MAKE A
FINAL REPORT
ABOUT ALL THIS

And
I WONDER...
HOW FATAL IT
REALLY IS?

The End

As mentioned in recent months, we tend to avoid features on fantasy and horror film festivals in Holl. Simply because there are so many of them springing up. Some time ago, Christopher Wickham, Terence Fisher, Freddie Francis and Des Skaife were invited to Sitges, Spain for the 9th Fantasy Film Festival. The whole event (backed by the town council to promote Sitges as a tourist resort) turned out to be pretty indescribable.

For the 10th such festival, Holl regular Denis Gifford was chosen to single-handedly represent the British Isles. Admirably, he has managed to put to paper the whole experience, not so much as a review but a warning, in a feature he has entitled . . .



EVEN a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a Juez of the Festival Internacional de Cine Fantástico y de Terror when the sunless blessedness of the Autumn moon is bright. If it happened to me, it could happen to you, so when the annual envelope with the Espresso stamp that flattens inexorably onto the doormat. Although I may have done more to deserve this favour than most, with five books on horror films under my belt, not to mention *The Golden Age of Horror* series for this very magazine (issues 2-12).

By the end of the six-day week (Spanish Summer Time has a tendency to slip as the day drags on) luncheon at half-past two, into thirty screenings starting close to midnight! I would know better, and know them better, these men with great declamatory names like Horacio Cabral-Magno, Jaume Coll Espina, and Pere Serrano i Casp. Like Lawrence Stewart Talbot, nemesis of Llewellyn (or: *The Wolf Man*, 1941), each bore his hidden Mark of the Pentagram. Each was not as everyday as he seemed.

Horacio (pronounced "Haw-ah-thro"), the only one of us to comply with the dress regulations, was officially killed as an Executo from *Franco-Pixar*. He was actually an Argentinian gentleman married to the daughter of one of our own ex-Ambassadors. Joaquim (pronounced "Hwah-lown") L, a sardonic rebel whose open-collared shirt hung outside his trousers at even the most formal of occasions, was not the Productor Español as listed, but a full-blown film director. He insisted on showing us his latest picture to prove it (that day the two-story hatch slipped back to three-fourth five!).

Antonio Soler, a curly-haired little man in spats, was not the Exhibidor Español as proclaimed, but, as he pointed out with pride, an Exhibidor Catalán. Only the previous week Catalunya had been granted autonomy, and celebrated its remembrance by forcing us to eat huge piles of *Pan-y-Tomat* (tomatoes on toast) before every meal, and Crema Catalana (creamed custard) after.

Senior Soler books them for a chain of two cinemas in Barcelona, where the all-time box-office record is held by Peter Cushing in, of all

Ten Days of TERROR

things, *Corruption*. Perhaps it was the title that hit home to the Barcelonians? Soler was the Jury's spokesman for the average cinemagoer: his (and their) type of film is that which has made the Capitol, Barcelona, known locally as "The House of Gore".

Pere Serrano i Casp (who sounds like an alternative sweet to *Creme Caramel*) had a secret, too. Although we never partook of a

the most notable and suitable of us all. He was David Argote, Realizador Balteo, who had won the Grand Prix last year at the Ninth Festival with his *Prado de Hueso* (Deep Red starring David Hemmings).

There were 34 features and sixteen shorts spread over the Festival, which meant, we started at eleven-thirty after a quick coffee and croissant, and ended at around two in the



Top left: The poster artwork for the 10th Sitges Fantasy Film Festival. Above: A murderous scene from Cronenberg's *Rabid*.

discussion or a meal without his marshalling presence. Pere was not on the Jury at all. With a neck as best as Legion's Ygor, and a caustic crutch of fantasma design, it came as no surprise to discover he was the Secretary of the Festival Fantástico. Also, amazingly, he was the local doctor!

The President of our Junto, skinnier as a Zombie with an engaging pageboy bob, was

morning. Then it was all down to the cocktail bar for another two hours of horror: iterations on toast and a nogen of fruit cup as red red that one suspects there must be a Tomato Mountain in Catalonia. By the Tuesday, I had broken out in spots, ripe and oozing of course, while poor Peter Straker, a fruit smoothie victim from Poland, had taken to his bed, a mere shadow of his former self. Although we



Above: Mexican monster movie, *El Espejo de la Bruja*. Below left: Alida Pach and Peter Cushing from *Tropic of Dracula*. Below right: Christian Roberts in a scene from *The Sentinel*.

had all wretched water (stuff) so foul that it even penetrated my Aquafina!, by applying the best Paul Rothbone techniques we deduced that the ice-cubes had got us!

It was sad to see such one-time respectable B-movie stalwarts as Meitar Beeri and Peter Cushing, Stuart Whitman and Carolyn Jones, grubbing for pennies by appearing in this class of film. It became increasingly sadistic as the week wore on, as bigreen lizards chomped through shadowy doors. Steve Brodie actually starred in *The Giant Spider Invasion* (reviewed in *Holt 12*)—even Monty Python knew better than to allow him to star. Sir Lyon, Jane Fonda and John Carradine all turned up in *Crank! A Charles Band Production* that combined the current car-crushing syndrome (allow motion pic-ups a pre-requisite) with a little fantasy about man-eating. Richard Eastham and Glenn Grahame were revived as co-star in *Mansion of the Doomsday* (see *Holt 13*), another Charles Band film entries on another favorite blood-stained syndrome, eyeball plucking. This one, though, is pure Farley Fawcett, with a rebar-bitten poverty-row plot: mad doctor (once it

was Lagos, now it's Eastham) removes folks' eyes to graft them into his wife daughter. Just like Lagos, however, Eastham keeps his victims in a cage in the cellar. Of course, one day they get out . . .

Talking of eyeball plucking. One squirmish may skip this paragraph, eyeball plucking was but one of the many delights shown in a German documentary, *Vogel al Mandó al Doctor*. It seems psychic healers use hypnosis their patients, pull out their eyes, peel off narcotics with their fingernails, and pop them back in the sockets without pain, anaesthesia, or anything. The trouble with this kind of uncutted cinema is that it is the audience that needs the anaesthesia. I am sort of proud that I was the only member of the gang left in the jurybox when the lights went up. Sort of proud, even I had to take my glasses off and watch unfocused as the healer actually kneaded a hole in a woman's body, pulled out her liver, squeezed a disused lamp out of it, and stuffed it back in again. I won't tell you that he managed the hole until it not only closed up but disappeared, because you

won't believe me. Even I find it hard to believe that I actually saw a witch doctor levitate himself upright, three feet off the ground, and float there, stably, for minutes. But I did. I think. Yes, I did.

The intriguing thing about this kind of film is that it much audiences retching from the screen, while removal eyeball removal will often fetch a round of applause. The same reaction was noted back in 1932 when Tod Browning used real freaks in his unique *Freaks*, and again in 1977, at the Festival, when Michael White brought on his real freaks at the end of *The Sentinel* (reviewed *Holt 8*). This film, derivative as it is, and unsatisfactorily scripted and developed, was nevertheless one of the best to be shown in competition. (It is a comment, of course, that a film of its obvious subre should have failed to net any prize at any previous Fantasy Festival.) We were verbally obliged to give it a prize of some sort, although none of us actually liked it. In the end we gave it to Barguzin Merlezhik as Best Actor, coupling the award with his appearance in *Burst Offerings* (see *Holt 13*), another Paul entry. Old Barguzin is quite a stalwart of horror cinema these days, and is deservedly busy after his years in the wilderness for his political infatuation, back when he was a B-move hero for Paramount Pictures.

What else did we see? I've mentioned the eyeball-giving, the prouing of eyes, the mangling of Crank!, and deftly avoided the nose. There was cannibalism, of course, and in *The Hills Have Eyes* a wild family, evidently descendants of Sawney Bean the Man-eater, ambush a trailer and abduct a baby for Sunday roast. This film, an updated reworking of almost every wagon-wheel western you ever saw (plus a rescue by dog straight out of *Laura* *Casse Horne*), was just the stuff for "The House of Gore", according to Steven Seiden. According to the International Press Critics, too, who gave it their own special prize.

Some of the films we saw were good, perhaps even excellent, but our judging job was harder than we had imagined for. All the best films seemed to be either *Retrospectives* shown in the *Information Section* or *Retrospectives* (shown in the *Retrospective Section*), never *Competitions* (shown in the *Competitor*). There is a few in the *I.F.A.P.E.*, a film festival organization to which Segura subscribes, as remarkable as the





Above: The Festival Jury (or varying states of consciousness and attire). Left to right: Denis Gifford, Horacio Ceballos, Arturo Argento, Ernesto Salas, Joaquín Coll Espina and Pérez Serradilla. Below: A scene we'd rather not describe again, from *Viaje Al Mundo De Los Desconocidos* (see review on *feeler* page).

law of Doctor Moreau ("Not to eat meat, that is the law", which is one that I wish I had obeyed too!). Thus few cuts: "Not to win twice, that is the law", which means that if a film has won anything at any other Postural Fantastico, it cannot be entered in another. And so, Stages, coming at the end of the annual calendar, is left—with—if not the bottom of the barrel—snapshots more than half-way down.

So there was no prize from us for *You're a Widow, Mister*, from Czechoslovakia, which would surely have won *La Jorobada* the Best Actress Award for her hilarious performance, or performances, as a well-endowed body made from vinyl who is continually switching personalities as brain transplant success brain transplant. I won't go into the plot complications, but the film opens with the fantastical dismemberment event.

No prize either for Peter Cushing, a catch for the *Best Actor Award* with his magnificent MacGregor, a reluctant movie monster, in *Tadeo Dracula* (see Hoff 11). It has taken the witty French to restore the worn old Hammer Frankenstein to his full power. The castle settings, whether the weary film star has withdrawn to motion romance to the world, are the

best since *Dance of the Vampires*; and thanks to Cushing, the film is an even more successful horror-comedy than Polanski's.

Sadly, also, there could be no prize for Isamu Honda, whose meister piece of *Godzilla*, *Gappa*, *Rodan*, *Varan*, and their pals, had Dario Argento clearing his chair for *Invasion of the Monsters*. There were all too few monsters in fact. For my taste, in this *Postural Fantastico y Terror*. Also too little *Fantastico*, too much *Terror*. Science fiction was conspicuous by its absence, while blood ran red all over the screen and down the sides. Things may be better next year, when the influence is bound to be *Star Wars*. This year the films are still in the pull of *The Exorcist* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Indeed, Tobe Hooper struck back with a follow-up to his first success called *Death Trap* (honoured in Hoff 16), as shoddy a cash-in as any "Son of" ever was. Neville Brand, looking and sounding for all the world like Deryck Guyler on an off day, runs a mucky-shack hotel in the swamp, anything unlikely guests like Mel Ferrer through the neck (which it goes in one side and out the other! See him try to pull it out!) and feeding them alive to his pet crocodile.



What a film to open a Festival with! The Spanish audience, an unknown quantity to me until this moment, instantly endeared themselves to my heart by nearly boozing Death Trap off the screen.

Other monstrosities that have burned themselves into my memory include the crucifixion and ignition of love, naked ladies—a regular feature of *El Espejo de la Muerte*, from the Argentine. I hated this, until our ex-Argentinean lover told me that it was a symbolic film of the political situation in his country. Then I hated it even more.

The torture scenes in *Les Weekends Maléfiques du Comte Zinzoff*, in what the everyday office worker puts up to at the weekend (especially if he owns an old castle in the country), were not only unpleasant, they were ludicrous. Unhappily the handsome man I had been sharing the hotel lift with all week turned out to be Count Zinzoff himself—not only actor, but writer and director. Shock! For an award for Best Photography, the Jury gave it to the Comte, Durso and I both abstained, and the audience?

The Grand Prize of the Festival (interestingly it is awarded to the director) went to Dan Curtis for *Born of Fire*, which had us on the edge of our seats. Karen Black, who played Oliver Reed's wife in the film, won our Award for Best Actress, although to be honest she had little competition.

The Award for the Best Screenplay we gave to David Cronenberg, the Canadian whodunit director up from television. He made the very exciting *Rabbit* (see Hoff 16), shot in three weeks on the streets of Montreal, with an element that mixes invasion of the Body Snatchers with Punk is the Streets. Our pal doctor, Sermanska, had had some experience with robots and was full of praise for the sustained attacks. So we gave the Special Effects Medal to the main responsible, Al Greenwood.

The short films were generally poor, save for an Italian cartoon about a man and his swimming-pool, which hardly seemed to qualify as *Fantasy or Terror*. Our award went to Bogdan Zivo of Yugoslavia, who made a nifty little thriller called *A Journey*. This is a non-stop motorcycle train ride in which everybody vanishes, not just the lady!

I managed to make my own minor mark in the Festival by writing in a Special Mention for Menken, "for their contribution to the history of the horror film". Menken, rather than Richard Boonehart's thrash, was for me the eye-opening member of the Jury I had been able to see, at long last, some of those legendary Mexican horror films hitherto only known in England through the pages of *Horror magazine* ("Mexican Monsters", issues 4 & 5). Abel Salazar, having his flings in the 1957 *El Vampiro* and shrinking into a big black bat, has John Carradine knocked into a cocked hat. And *El Espejo de la Bruja*, with its watch-like horrekeeper and her magic mirror, and its heroine with her severed hands, has to be seen to be believed.

If the National Film Theatre doesn't programme a season of Mexican monsters soon, I shall go and throw tomatoes at the screen. On toast.

All of which takes some following. Not one good thing (other than Denys' chance to see *El Vampiro*) that came out of the Sitges Festival was our opportunity to chat with Jerry Chairman Dario Argento. Our recorded interview follows ...

In HoH14, we reviewed *Suspiria*. In HoH18, *Deep Red*. Both by Italian director/writer/designer Dario Argento. Following earlier reviews of *Night of the Living Dead*, *The Crazies* and *Martin* (HoH3, 6, 14), we then interviewed their director, George A. Romero in HoH15. Both top horror men have now teamed up to make *Dawn of the Dead*, so, in answer to your letters, and to put you totally in the picture, we now present the following.

BEFORE THE DAWN

An Interview with Dario Argento

Dario Argento is currently the king of the Italian thriller. His latest movie *Suspiria* (reviewed in HoH14) was met with mixed feelings by the critics, as his films combine uneasy suspense with shock tactics and a liberal sprinkling of gore.

Argento's career began when he landed a job with the Rome newspaper *Poco Sono* as their film critic. Shortly after, he began writing scripts for movies including Sergio Leone's *Once Upon a Time in the West*, for which film—along with Bernocci—he also prepared the total storyboards.



Scorning formal film school training, Argento followed in the footsteps of such other lumineers of the movie world as Steven Spielberg, George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola and moved from criticism straight into making his own films. He made his debut with a full-length feature film called *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1969). Interesting to note that the "bird with the crystal plumage" motif carried over in the later film *Suspiria* when, in the grapping climax, Jessica Harper knocked an ornamental bird from a table they used one of its crystal feathers to put an end to the Black Queen of Witches, Elena Markof.

The following interview by our Belgian correspondent Gilbert Verschooten (editor of the fine Belgian horror magazine *Fantasy*) took place at the Sitges festival in which Dario Argento talked about his influences and their effect on his approach to movie-making.



Hoff: You were quoted in *House of Hammer* 14 as saying that your main influences have been the German expressionist cinema in general and Fritz Lang in particular . . .

Argento: Yes. I studied the expressionist school thoroughly, although I don't know to what extent I was influenced by it. But I liked what Fritz Lang did—not only Lang, who was undoubtedly the greatest, but other German directors as well. In my latest film *Suspiria*, I used expressionistic architecture, strange camera-angles and things like that. It was my way of paying a personal tribute.

Hoff: Another influence seems to be Mario Bava, especially his *Blood and Black Lace* (*Sei Donne per l'Assassino*, 1964).

Argento: I was writing reviews at that time, between 1964 and 1966 and I remember very well that I wrote one about that film. I had seen and analysed all of those movies when they came out, but it should be remembered that this horror film movement was rather short, it only lasted for five or six years and there were not that many films either. Nobody talked much about these works then; they were considered to be purely commercial and even a bit vulgar. Nobody seemed to notice that a kind of revolution was going on: for the first time in Italy some non-realistic films were being made. That was very important. Only the younger critics fully understood this, but as we wrote very ruthless and rather complicated criticisms, we were not much appreciated in our country. We took into consideration the different aspects of a film and tried to pursue a political, technical and personal approach, not just leaving ourselves to storytelling or saying something about the actors.

Hoff: Can we speak of a direct influence, then?

Argento: I think my films are personal to me. I produce them, write the script and the music, design the sets and the costumes, etc. I want them to reflect my personality and my ideas. This is quite essential to me.

Hoff: Why are your movies so gory?

Argento: Because I make violent movies, and because the blood is an inseparable part of them. It is a means of expressing yourself, while you can obtain some very expressive and even aesthetic effects with it. . . . I am attracted to violence as it is a typical phenomenon of our time. Violence is a new form of protest, a refusal of all the established values. The time for gentle protest is past and hard action takes over now. Violence is also, to a large extent, a way of communication.

Hoff: In several of your films the murderer is a woman: Eva Renzi in *The Bird with the Crystal Phalange* (*L'Uccello dalle Piume di Cristallo*, 1969), Mimmy Farmer in *Foxy*, *Foxe Flies on Grey Velvet* (*Quattro Moche di Velluto Grigio*, 1971), and in both *Deep Red* (*Profondo Rosso*, 1975) and *Suspiria* (1976). Argento: Maybe there is a very simple explanation: I work much better with female than with male players: they are the

better actors, they react in a more emotional way and let themselves go. And they are more obedient, too... Men do not respond in the same fashion. And as the assassins are very important characters in my films, you can understand why I turn them into women. At least I think that is the reason.

You know, it's difficult to analyse all these aspects very rationally. I make my films in a kind of hypnotic state and afterwards it's not always easy to explain why you did certain things.

Hoff: How are your films received in Italy?

I installed mirrors to get an indirect light which is much softer than the natural exposure, as they absorb some of the glare. This allowed me to change the complexion of the actors. I also used an old Technicolor 40 ASA film, rather than the current 500 ASA one.

Hoff: *Suspiria* is in fact your first fantasy film up to now, your other achievements being merely thrillers. Will you continue in this direction?

Argento: I think so, yes. *Suspiria* represented a kind of challenge to me as it is impossible



Facing page: Dario Argento himself, deeply engrossed in reading Hoff 14. Plus a scene from Argento's last shocker, *Suspiria*. Above: A terrified and tormented Jessica Harper about to face the nightmare events of *Suspiria*.

Argento: I can't complain. People write a lot of things about me these days. My first movies were very unusual for Italian audiences, since they were in fact experimental ones and there had not been many attempts within that genre in Italy. I like to apply new things in the field of technology, music, mixing and that kind of stuff. For example, I often use strange cameras. In *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* I used a certain camera manufactured in Eastern Germany, that had been sent directly from Berlin, allowing a speed of 30,000 images per second! In under two seconds, it consumed an entire reel. That was incredible, it is really the camera of the future! In *Deep Red* I employed a telecined video-camera initially used for purely medical purposes, existing only in Hollywood. It permitted the camera to enter an actor's mouth which could be followed on a television screen. You could accomplish breath-taking camera-movements of one centimetre that created unbelievable effects . . . In *Suspiria*

to employ realistic methods for a film that is not realistic by definition. So I invented very surreal colours and had sets built like the ancient gothic cathedrals in Germany . . . I got the permission to shoot in Erasmus's house in Freiburg, where he wrote his *Elogio di Melchior*, as well as in the Munich Barbican where Hitler gave some of his addresses . . . The large square where the blind man is killed by his dog is the famous Königsplatz in Munich, another memorable place of pilgrimage for the Nazis where the holocaust monsters and ghosts are still present. It is the curse of the environment which made the dog kill its master.

Hoff: Can political opinions also be read into your other films?

Argento: It is quite inevitable that political ideas pop up in my movies as politics are a reality of everyday life. But this happens in a very spontaneous way . . . It is only natural, as I said before, that a film will reflect the personality of its maker.

Hoff: Do you improvise on the set?



Argento: I do in the sense that the actors know when it will be their turn and what specific scene they will do. I arrive on the set, have the lighting settled in the necessary way and then I say, for example, 'We shoot scene 32.' I like the spontaneity that can be obtained that way. Of course the players have to know their lines, but that is all. I always do my films that way. When an actor knows exactly when he will be on it becomes mechanical and all the emotion is lost.

Hoff: Did the famous actors with whom you have worked accept this treatment? Argento: Better than that. They reacted superbly, because they like new things and have never worked like that before. It was the younger actors who objected. They have only one certain method of acting, and when you take away that method nothing is left. They don't have the experience to do other things. Take Tony Musante in *Bird with the Crystal Plumage*. The first day he was completely lost, but after a short period of adaptation everything went very smoothly. And I think he gave one of his best performances in that film.

Hoff: Is that the reason why you cast older stars?

Argento: I always do the casting with the special requirements of a certain part in mind and so far as the casting is concerned, I am not limiting myself to what is happening in Rome, but also in Paris, London, Berlin, Hollywood and so on. This evidently results into a more international cast.

Hoff: Did you cast Joan Bennett for *Suspiria*?

Argento: Yes. I know her very well, since she appeared in several of Fritz Lang's films. She was also his wife, as you know, and a great actress. I went to New York to

see her . . . She had grown older, but I tried to make her appear as she did in *Scarlet Street*, *Beyond the Door* (GB title *The Devil Within Her*) etc. I put a patch on her, made her use the same lipstick, the same black eye-lashes. I tried to achieve the same colour of her hair, to make her look like she did for Lang, thirty years later. As a very distinguished woman of the world.

Above: Jessica Harper in a doubly struggle with the incarnation of evil, following (above, facing page) the death of her friend (Stepfanie Cauchi) in a vision of rat-sheep-told-wis. Below: David Bowie narrowly escapes death at the hands of the mass murderer in *Dry Red*.

Hoff: How was the make-up of the Simplex witch done?

Argento: That was no make-up at all! For three months I looked for the oldest woman I could possibly find in Rome for the part and tested several dozen of women over 100. Eventually I found what I wanted, an incredibly old creature, the oldest person I ever saw in my life. It was terrible, I really sensed an impression of



physical horror. She was very good in the film, although she was of course not playing a part in the usual sense of the word. And for the part of the man-servant I wanted a madman, a real fool from an asylum I started searching for one, but the Italian law prohibits the use of them. So I looked for a man who was mad, without being locked up. I discovered one in a post-office, when I was mailing a postcard. He had a terrible look and awful teeth. And during the shooting he even made propositions to the actresses!

Holt: What was the budget of *Suspiria*?

Argento: *Suspiria* cost one billion Italian Lira, almost two million dollars, a lot of money, for sure? But it was not a film that was shot in four weeks, and I think everybody will see that. The shooting in Germany and Italy lasted 15 weeks.

Holt: And your other films?

Argento: *Deep Red* took 12 weeks, the others between 10 and 12. Time is a very important aspect in my films. I always have a chronometer at hand and an assistant always gives me the exact time of each of the actors' movements. I want my films to be rhythmic and as I already have an idea of the music that will be used in the movie, everything has to be carefully timed. I already did this in the very first film I directed. For *Suspiria*, I wrote the music beforehand, and had it played on the set to imagine the players' gestures. It was as if the film existed already.

Holt: You have a project under way with George Romero. How is the cooperation going on?

Argento: We wrote the script of *Dawn of the Dead*, as the film will be called, together, it is now being shot in Pittsburgh. He is directing it and I wrote the music and act as the producer.

Holt: His approach is entirely different from yours.

Argento: We are old friends and know each other's work very well. I think the result will be very interesting. It is really *Night of the Living Dead* reanimated in 1977, with all the technical knowledge that became available in the meantime, only much colder and much harder. It is as if ten years later he is remaking his own film. But the finished product will be very different, as his ideas have changed very much during that time.

Holt: Isn't it unfortunate that Romero never succeeded in danching himself from *Night of the Living Dead*?

Argento: With that film he made his masterpiece. So why should he do other things? It was a small production, made with little money, but with plenty of ideas in it. Romero is a Cuban, and he knows the Caribbean zombie theme very well, it's part of his culture. This explains the exceptional strength of the film. Maybe it is not a masterpiece, like my own films are maybe not masterpieces, but they are interesting and have something to say. I think that's essential.



The Films of Dario Argento

The Bird with the Crystal Plumage (1969)
(Italy) *L'Uccello dalle Piume di Cristallo*
With Teo Mancini, Suzy Kendall, Eva Renzi, Umberto Raush, Enrico Maria Salerno, Mario Adorf and Renato Romano.
Written and Directed by Dario Argento, Director of Photography Vittorio Storaro, Art Director by Dario Niclòsi, Edited by Franco Fratelli, Music by Ennio Morricone, Sound by Carlo D'Onofrio, Produced by Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli/CCC Production.

The Cat O'Nine Tails (1971)
(Italy) *Il Gatto a Nove Coda*
With Karl Malden, James Franciscus, Catherine Spaak, Odilia de Carvalho, Carlo Alagna, Vittoria Capri, Pier Paolo Coppola, Corrado Giuri, Tino Carraro.
Written and Directed by Dario Argento from a story by Dario Argento, Luigi Collo and Dardano Sacchetti, Director of Photography Ennio Moresco, Art Direction by Carl Lessa, Edited by Franco Fratelli, Music by Ennio Morricone, Sound by Luciano Amicilli, Production Manager Angelo Isomo, Produced by Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli/Mondial Film/Terra Filmkunst/Laboratorio Film Produzioni.

Four Flies on Grey Velvet (1971)
(Italy) *Quattro Mosche di Velluto Grigio*
With Michael Brandon, Mickey Farmer, Jean-Pierre Marielle, Frances Rafferty, Bud Spencer, Calisto Caltan, Marisa Pabst, Ornella Lucenti.
Written and Directed by Dario Argento from a story by Dario Argento, Luigi Cozzi and Mario Poggioli, Director of Photography Enrico Di Giacomo, Art Direction by Renzo Sabatelli, Edited by Franco Fratelli, Music by Ennio Morricone, Produced by Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli/Universal Film Productions.

The 5 Days of Milan (1970)
(Italy) *Le Cinque Giornate*
With Adriano Celentano, Enzo Ceravolo, Mandi Tolo, Sergio Gassara, Luisa de Santis, Carla Toto, Giacomo Orsetto, Written and Directed by Dario Argento, Director of Photography Luigi Kofweller, Edited by Franco Fratelli, Produced by Salvatore Argento.

Deep Red (1975)
(Italy) *Profondo Rosso*
David Hemmings (as Marc Daly), Diana Navaroli (Giovanna Bresci) with Gabriele Lavia, Michela Merz, Enzo Pagan, Giacomo Gardini and Nicoletta Elmi.
Directed by Dario Argento, Screenplay by Dario Argento and Bernardo Zapponi, Director of Photography Luigi Kofweller, Edited by Franco Fratelli, Music by Giorgio Gaslini and The Cobras, Makeup by Giuliano Laurovi, Produced by Claudio Argento, Executive Producer Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli Production.

Suspiria (1977)
Jessica Harper (as Susy), Stefania Casini (Sore), Flavia Basso (Bessie), Magali Noël (Maud), Udo Kier (Frank), Rudolph Schenck (Prof. Miller), Alice Yuki (Mina Tassari), Jean Berton (Mme. Blaik).
Directed by Dario Argento, Screenplay by Dario Argento and Dario Niclòsi, Director of Photography Luciano Tovoli, Production Design by Giuseppe Tassan, Art Direction by Massimo Garone, David Basson and Eraldo Fleurent, Special Effects by Germinali Natali, Makeup by Francesco Menacci, Edited by Franco Fratelli, Music by Ennio Morricone, Sound by Mario Dallapiccola, Sound Effects by Luciano Amicilli, Produced by Claudio Argento, Executive Producer Salvatore Argento. A Seda Spettacoli Production

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The 3-Dimensional Movie



Feature by Tim Vulliamy

The phenomenon of the Stereoscopic motion picture (3-D film) was one of the most short-lived of inventive movie phases.

1953 was the year that the 3-D film actually had a life of its own; it was, at the time, intended to usher in a sparkling new period for the ailing motion picture industry. However, its period of activity was over so quickly that one might have wondered what the commotion was all about—had the process not excited and annoyed movie audiences, as well as initiating a complete change in American film production and exhibition.

The 3-D film was not an invention of the post-war American film industry—it's history is almost as long as that of Cinema itself. Lumière had produced "dimensional" short films as early as 1903, and the interest in stereoscopic "views" continued through the 1920s and '30s. By the end of the 1930s, colour 3-D shorts had been produced in America and Germany. However, the problems involving the red/green colour process, the dual projector synchronisation, and the polarised filters and glasses—although producing excellent images—were too great to make the system popular with exhibitors and general audiences.

The years following World War Two saw a sharp decrease in movie audiences. The late Forties and early Fifties were the threshold years for the decline of the great old Hollywood Studio motion picture industry. At first there were the "witch-hunt" trials played out by the House Committee On Un-American Activities, investigating "subversive influences" in the film industry. Then there was the most monstrous threat of all—Television.

The growing prominence of the big TV networks in America caused great numbings in the movie industry, as well as though the hallowed halls of the Radio media. TV was attracting the audiences that, only a few years before, had filled out the movie-theatres. The drive was now on to draw back and sustain the public's interest in motion pictures; a new gimmick was needed, something that could compete with Television yet could not be easily reproduced by it.

Motion picture technology started work on something "new" to bring back the falling audience figures—the "new" thing that saved it all was *Cinerama*. Opening on September 30, 1952, in New York, This is *Cinerama* created something of a commotion initially but still failed to set the ball rolling. This is *Cinerama* did, however, lay a path for all the future visual and screen processes. The failure of *Cinerama* was due to the actual operation of exhibition itself, theatres had to install new equipment, triple projectors, etc., and all the technical conversion meant money. It also meant that once the movie-theatre was converted enough to be able to handle the

process it could not readily revert back to screening the majority of films available.

The 3-Dimensional "effect" that Cinerama gave was really the foundation-stone for the actual 3-D explosion; already early 3-D shorts were being brought out of the vaults for a new "zing". Milton L. Ginsberg, along with his optometrist brother, had developed a vastly superior 3-D process, and with this he formed the Natural Vision Corporation. Arch Oboler, long-time producer and director of the *Lights Out* radio show, joined forces with Ginsberg and started production on *Bwana Devil*—utilising the new Natural Vision 3-D process and the 3,000 feet of film that Oboler had shot in Africa some years before.

The fundamental stages of the 3-D

process used in the early Fifties first appeared during the early Twenties. This process was called the *anaglyphic method*, and involved two separate images for both left eye and right eye to be projected at the same time and superimposed on the screen. In order to make out the overlapping images on the screen the viewer was required to use special spectacles which, at their most basic, had one red lens and one green lens.

The films seen in 3-D during the 1953 boom used the *polaroid anaglyph* process. The basics of this involve two projectors with polarised filters that project on to a (literally) silver screen so that the images are superimposed. The polarised filter process allows light to pass along a single line, due to the crystal composition of the filter,



Front page: The 1953 3-D Canadian-made *Eyes of Hell* (The Mask). Paul Stevens when scoring another mask, suffers psychotic hallucinations and is driven to a doctor to murder. Above: Jack Arnold's 1953 3-D *It Came From Outer Space*, based on Ray Bradbury's "The Martian". The London Pavilion made great play of the 3-D effects for the film's British premiere.



and the filter on the projectors are set so that they project light along opposite lines. The viewing-spectacles have their polarised lenses set exactly to match the projector filters, and the result on the screen creates a large three-dimensional image.

With the use of polaroid filters it was unnecessary to employ the red/green system, and now full-colour or black & white films could be seen successfully in 3-D. Still, this form of projection caused many problems; projectors had to be synchronised perfectly, power to each projector had to be equally maintained, breaks in one film had to be matched in the other film, etc, etc.

Hailed as "the world's first three-dimensional feature in colour," *Bwana Devil* was released on November 27, 1952. During its first week the film, in only one Los Angeles theatre, grossed an amazing \$100,000.

Bwana Devil received strong critical attack from the beginning and continued running with bad reviews, but the audience reaction to 3-D was more powerful. The plot itself was a silly jungle thriller but so popular was *Bwana Devil*'s 3-D that just about every film company immediately crossed into production on their own 3-D film. The gate had been left open by Gunzberg and Oboler—and now everyone was out to join the "new" motion picture boom. Conversion of the movie theatres to the new process was cheaper than the changes demanded by Cinerama. With the threat of Television constantly hovering overhead, 3-D seemed to be the great saviour of the film industry in the early Fifties. Oboler shortly afterwards sold *Bwana Devil* completely over to United Artists for an incredible \$1.75 million.

By early 1953, Warner and Columbia were in production on their own 3-D pictures, and were using Gunzberg's Natural Vision process. Warner Brothers

were remaking their 1933 Mystery of the Wax Museum chiller as *Waxworks*—they later changed it to *House of Wax*. Columbia, meanwhile, were going ahead with their own production, *Maze in the Dark*, which was a rush-job shot in black & white.

Warners were moving into high-gear with their *House of Wax*, and were promoting it as "The first 3-Dimensional feature produced by a major studio!" This was mainly to deter any feelings the public may have had about the critical bataille experienced by the independently-made *Bwana Devil*. *House of Wax*, directed by Andre De Toth (who, curiously enough, only had one eye and would never be able to see the fruits of his work), opened on April 10, 1953, in New York—just two days after Columbia released their *Maze in the Dark* in the same city.

Universal's cartoon unit announced what was to be America's first 3-D cartoon, but were beaten to the post by Disney's *Melody*—which was shot with the Duality Multiplane camera that had been used for the production of *Snow White* some 15 years before. Eventually, there appeared a 3-D Popeye cartoon from Paramount, a 3-D Woody Woodpecker from Universal, a 3-D Bugs Bunny from Warner Brothers, and a 3-D animated version of *The Tell-Tale Heart* from UPA.

The 3-D films themselves are not an easy subject to evaluate and discuss unless one has seen them all in their original form, also hoping that most other people are somewhat familiar with the films in their original 3-D capacity. Most American 3-D films of the 1950s, on reaching Britain up to a year after initial release, were generally shown "flat."

However, even on a TV re-viewing of some movies originally made in the three-dimensional process, you can see the major "effect" elements coming through, in the horror/scifi films the "effect" scenes were usually of shock, while the western and action pictures featured great outdoor sequences. Both had the common denominator of things being specially thrown in you out of the screen.

House of Wax, for instance, is famous for its paddichall sequence using the 3-D effect. There is also the can-can girl routine locking their legs out of the screen (and the poster advertising). Whereas Warner Brothers had the beautiful 3-strip Technicolor process utilised to a most enjoyable effect on *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*, they wasted the 3-D process with *House of Wax*. The 1953 film, directed by the powerful Michael Curtiz, is a sheer visual pleasure, but De Toth's version with Vincent Price remains energetically superior. Cutting out the doorman's paddichall sequence and the can-can routine, and even shooting *House of Wax* "flat," would have in no way detracted from its suspense and pacing.

Columbia Pictures' *The Mad Magician* with a screenplay by *House of Wax* writer Crane Wilbur, went through practically the same routine as the Warners film—including Vincent Price as the central character, only this time as a deranged magician. Director John Brahm, with *The Mad Magician*, made a film that Andre De Toth had made better the previous year. Even John Brahm, Vincent Price, and 3-D couldn't save this one.

Robot Monster, produced by Asar, went on record as being the first science-fiction film released in 3-D. Both *Robot Monster* and the other Asar 3-D film, *Cat*



Across these pages are two British release posters for 3-D movies, plus a scene from our *House of Wax*, starring Vincent Price (1953). The film, a remake of the 1932 Mystery of the Wax Museum, also featured bit-player Charles Buchinsky, who later changed his name to... [Charles Bronson?]

Women of the Moon, were very juvenile science-fiction packages, filmed in black & white. Robot Monster featured an end-of-the-world situation with a robot creature unleashing its death-ray on the populace. The aliens in *Cat Women of the Moon* appear as a bevy of Hollywood starlets masquerading as "cat girls". Both these pictures, on release in Britain, were shown "flat".

The Man, from Allied Artists, was a spooky tale about a nebbish man who in fact a large, 2000-year-old frog (!). This is the dark-secret premise that this film revolves around—however, the monochrome atmosphere sustained through director William Cameron Menzies' production design is quite effective. Most of the action takes place in a gloomy old castle, but Menzies made marvelous use of perspective design and some camera angles.

Warner Brothers followed up *House of Wax* with the 3-D colour *Phantom of the Rue Morgue*, directed with some excellent moments by Roy Del Ruth. This time Karl Malden was playing Vincent Price and, though lacking at times, created quite a disturbing character. The three-dimensional excitement in *Phantom of the Rue Morgue* was mostly in the things leaping out of the screen "effect"—mainly consisting of the hand-from-the-side-of-the-frame variety—and any effective moments contained in this film are provided by Del Ruth's "effects" rather than by the script.

It Came From Outer Space was the first of the Universal black & white 3-D films. All three Universal productions—which include *Creature From the Black Lagoon* and *Revenge of the Creature*—were guided by the competent hand of director Jack Arnold, though his *Creature* films will appear as the best of this trio. Based on Ray Bradbury's treatment, "The Meteor", *It Came From Outer Space* made elementary but interesting use of the desert landscape, as well as a couple of things whizzing out of the screen, and a few sudden zoom-in shots, for 3-D. Some good perspective camera angles are also featured, along a corridor, a mine-shaft, and the seemingly endless desert highway. However, overexposed shots of the meteor landing/heading straight at you/taking off become quite boring after a while.

The first creature film *Creature From the Black Lagoon*, offered much more by way of 3-D "visuals"—with particular emphasis on the superb underwater sequences. The film succeeds as quite a potent horror/monster story when above the water but once we get into the lagoon, and the camera starts subjectively prowling around through the reeds and shafts of light, the visual "effects" are quite unique. Some beautiful Coccinella mirror shots caught from below the surface when Julie Adams is swimming slowly across the lagoon are particularly fascinating. It really went to prove that the perfect acting for 3-D

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photography must be of an aquatic nature. In *Revenge of the Creature* the Gill-Man is finally captured and transported to Florida where he, naturally, escapes and creates havoc. Although quite an awful picture, the main activity takes place on land and in an aquarium—leaving little for impressive 3-D photography. All three Universal pictures, on release in Britain, were shown "flat".

Gorilla at Large is fun, not only because of the line-up of interesting players, but also because the story is basically quite absurd. This picture is the work of Panavision Productions/20th-Century-Fox, made in colour and headless Cameron Mitchell, Anne Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Burr, Lee Marvin, and Warren

Stevens. The story is simply a routine murder mystery trying hard to feature the title character. However, the plot has a fairground of gadgets to play with and attempts to make use of them by implying "horror" with the 3-D process, typical of *Phantom of the Rue Morgue*, the gorilla makes more than one attempt at smashing and swinging out of the screen over the audience. The colour is quite pleasant but the players, and 3-D, are somewhat wasted.

Ivan Tom's Gog, on the other hand, is much more subtle with its exploitation of 3-D—in fact, it is so calm that when viewed in black & white (the original rich colour prints should be seen) the picture is

quite boring. This one is basically a spy mystery involving the take-over of a super-computer by agents and the control of the two potentially dangerous robots.

The 1961 Canadian production, *The Mask* (re-released as *Eyes of Hell*), tells of an ancient mask that induces psychotic hallucinations in the wearer and prompts him to commit murder. This film only contains "3-D sequences", and they are activated only when the mask is being worn.

Arch Oboler was back in action again in 1966 with *The Bubble*, which he had written, produced, and directed. The story concerns three lost people who come across a small town which, they soon realize, is under the control of aliens. However, Oboler's picture—made in the new Spacemaster process—wasn't released until 1975, and then it was entitled (for American release) as *Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth*.

There was a 1958 Spanish production, *Frankenstein's Bloody Terror*, released in 1971—it was shot in 3-D and 20mm but probably shown "flat". The story is too outrageous to relate (despite the presence of Paul Naschy), and the film's only two points of reference are that *Frankenstein* has no relevance to the plot and illustrator Gray Morrow worked on the Art Design.

Andy Warhol's *Flesh For Frankenstein* comes in, unfortunately, with the crop of gore-exploitation films that utilized 3-D. *Flesh For Frankenstein*, intended basically as a satire on the horror genre, succeeds with its use of 3-D as a most nauseous component in conveying scenes of bloody corpses and bloody transplants. In this context it is aware of a "gimmick" than the rocks-and-arrows-flying-out-of-the-screen stuff that was being produced in



Above: Another scene from *Eyes of Hell* (*The Mask*), 1961. Below: The 1954 3-D film, *Gorilla At Large*, featuring Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bassett, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Burr, Lee Marvin and Warren Stevens. It followed the traditional pattern of murderer disguised as monkey-ape, the two being the murderer in finale that time.

the '50s. However, the film—as a film—has too many good and enjoyable areas to be dismissed merely as a silly example of 3-D moneymaking.

The phase of the 3-D film disappeared as fast as it arrived in the early Fifties—the reasons behind its sudden decline are two-pronged.

The constantly changing financial and technical problems that plagued the viewing and exhibition of 3-D films eventually proved too much for both theatre-owners and audiences. Theatre-owners had to

continually put up with bickering from projectionists' unions, increasing costs of installation and modification of equipment, costs involving the distribution of viewing-spectacles, etc. Audiences, too, were annoyed and inconvenienced by the rising cost of admission, night projection and bad synchronisation, discomfort of the viewing-glasses, and damaged prints.

The other major reason behind the fall of 3-D movies was the introduction of CineramaScope (first seen with *The Robe* in late 1953), and other wide-scope processes. Most films made in 3-D that saw release in 1954 were finally shown "flat" and have never been seen in 3-D.

A single-strip 3-D film process had been developed but was kept under wraps for too long, leaving CineramaScope to grab the public's attention and offer them a wide-screen film almost like 3-D but without the discomfort of special viewing-spectacles. CineramaScope also had its use in combating the great surge of Television by having a frame ratio too wide to easily project on the TV screen. In fact, CineramaScope films—even when eventually bought by Television—gave TV insurmountable problems for many years with unsuitable telecasting.

However, the great heyday of 3-D movies was over, and the film industry had little regret at its passing. Although Oboler's Spacemaster is apparently the most perfected 3-D process to date, being far superior to the products of the early Fifties, its system has hardly been used in recent years. There are occasional "exploitation" 3-Dimensional films made, usually in the soft-core pornography field, but their real popularity has yet to be created. It certainly would be a pleasure to see another "explosive" 3-D revival.





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- THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN
- THE WEREWOLF
- THE DEVIL RAT
- BLOOD BEVILS
- SICK OF EM JUSTICE
- SPYCAT JACKET
- THE PIT AND THE PENITENTIUM
- WHEN THE DEVIL COMMANDS
- BLOOD OF DRACULA'S CASTLE

A B C D E F

FAITH THE BLOOD OF DRACULA	A	B	C	D	E	F
RETURN OF DRACULA	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
VAMPIRE AND THE BALLOONIST	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
THE WEREWOLF	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
THE DEVIL RAT	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
BLOOD BEVILS	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
SICK OF EM JUSTICE	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
SPYCAT JACKET	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
THE PIT AND THE PENITENTIUM	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>					
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FLASHBACK

by John Fleming

ON the evening of 5th June 1968, Senator Robert Kennedy had supper at a Malibu beach-house with Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate. Then he went on to the Ambassador Hotel to be shot.

By July 1968, the world was facing a major crisis: there was an international shortage of circus clowns. It was no laughing matter. That same year had seen the killings of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, strikes and a students' revolt which took France to the brink of civil war; student riots in Germany and Italy; a pitched battle between Vietnam War demonstrators and police outside the US Embassy in London; the death of Flower Power.

The clown crisis was easily solved. Ringling Bros-Barnum & Bailey opened the world's first school for professional clowns. As for those other problems, the world needed a new saviour. And that is just what film director Roman Polanski provided. In June, a full-page advertisement had appeared in *Variety*:

"*Rosemary's Baby* . . . The Bramford . . . the girl . . . the dead girl . . . the neighbours . . . the friend . . . the dead friend . . . the nightmare . . . the doctor . . . the vicious nightmare . . . the other doctor . . . the truth . . . the baby . . . poor baby . . . whose baby?" —
pray for *Rosemary's Baby*."

Roman Polanski's classic horror movie tells the story of a young girl (Mia Farrow) who is unknowingly the mother of the Devil's son. At the time, *Rosemary's Baby* was original. But it later had its own offspring. It is about a new saviour for the world (as is *The Omega*), about a monster mothered by a human (as is *It's Alive*); about a girl possessed by unknown forces (as is *The Exorcist*). And it was controversial. Paramount chief Robert Evans said later: "When we presented *Rosemary's Baby* in Palo Alto, California, a woman came up to me afterwards and said, 'You should be ashamed of yourselves.' At that moment, I knew we had a hit." The (US) National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures gave it their rare 'C' (Condemned) Rating. They explained their decision:

"Because of several scenes of nudity, this contemporary horror story about devil worship would qualify for a condemned rating. Much more serious, however, is the perverted air with which the film makes of fundamental Christian beliefs, especially in the events surrounding the birth of Christ and its mockery of religious persons and practices. The very technical excellence of the film serves to intensify its inflammatory nature."

The phrase "mockery of religious persons and practices" referred mainly to the dinner-table scene in which Pope Paul's visit to the UN is discussed. Other details which

Rosemary's Baby



Three stages of fear for Mia Farrow as Rosemary, in Polanski's classic 1968 movie

did not please the Office were that Rosemary is a laicized Catholic, her name is similar to the biblical Mary and she is told that she has been "chosen from among all women" (a direct quote from the Bible).

Producer William Castle (see Holt 16) claimed the film "was never intended to promote evil, but was meant to be a shocker." And Polanski had said while still

shooting it: "Rosemary's Baby is entertainment more than anything else I've ever done. Very exciting entertainment. It is not something which will change your philosophy, will make you think deep or anything. But it's fun—it's a lot of fun."

The US press generally agreed when it was nationally released in July. Newsday said Polanski had "out-Hitchcocked Hitch-

cock"; *Newsweek* said Polanski was now "a director of the first rank"; and *Time* said (very oddly) "Mia Farrow is built for the part of Rosemary".

Mia Farrow's personal publicity must also have helped the film's success. Her marriage to Frank Sinatra broke up towards the end of shooting and, according to one observer, there were "more lawyers than actors pacing the floor" of the set. The book also helped; Ira Levin's novel was on the (US) hardback bestseller list for

wrists and ankles tied to bed-rails. Travelyan felt it only fair (to the Strangler producer and director) that he should also eat the fantasy selection in *Rosemary's Baby*. So a 15 second sequence was removed in which a nude Mia Farrow was tied to a bedpost and a soiled hand touched her skin.

Polanski, a British resident at the time, was appalled. "There should be censorship," he said. "It's awful. I spent four months editing that film, carefully, cautiously, frame by frame, day and night together

house complained about *Rosemary's Baby*, this time publicly. "It teaches," she said, "the depths of depravity, mental anguish and the psychologically unbalanced, which should arouse the greatest concern." She then admitted she had never seen the film.

One person who had, though, was comedian Kenneth Williams (co-star of many Carry On films). He wrote in his *The Times*: "It is an unpleasant perversion . . .

The particularly nauseating version of witchcraft which it purifies seems so weak, only revolting and abhorrent, one is conscious of a bleak misuse of talent and a childish obsession with cruelty."

Polanski did have a childhood obsession and it was expressed in *Rosemary's Baby*; "I remember when I was 12, maybe 14, I liked atmospheres that came from closed corners—ugly . . . What I like is an extremely realistic setting in which there is something that does not fit with the rest."

There had been more to *Rosemary's Baby*, though. In June 1968, a month before the film's national US release, Vatican Radio said it would continue to broadcast the song *God Is Dead* despite public protests. In Polanski's film, shot in late 1967, Rosemary looks at the famous *Time* cover: IS GOD DEAD? In a year, the question had become a statement. In another year, Polanski was attending his wife's funeral. In under ten years, the film which the US Catholic Office had called "perverted" and "inflammatory" was on British TV.

After being "viewed at a senior level within the TV service", the BBC version of *Rosemary's Baby* was transmitted by the BBC on 29th October 1976 (They had originally intended to screen it on Halloween, 31st).

It's a long time since 1968: the year of assassinations, Vietnam, near-revolution and real fear about the future. Early in that year, BBC TV Light Entertainment chief Tom Sizor had banned comic references to Harold Wilson. "Jokes about the Prime Minister are getting too frequent and too silly". But, in July 1968, Sizor lifted the ban: "There is no longer any reservation. All I require is that the jokes are funny". The world was beginning to settle down again, people were accepting a more brutal situation and were looking to see the new *senior* in *Rosemary's Baby*.

As for Polanski, he said: "I like all horror films. They make me laugh like crazy".



42 weeks and went on to sell two million in paperback.

Rosemary's Baby was a breakthrough for the horror film: a major Hollywood company (Paramount) had made a major commercial film which was a major success. This was at a time when the big money-makers were *The Graduate* and *The Odd Couple* (although *2001* had just scored a big success), when the all-time biggest was still *The Sound of Music*. Now a horror film had broken through to the mass market again. But this silver cloud had a grey lining.

When *Rosemary's Baby* was released in Britain, film censor John Trevelyan insisted on a 15 second cut in the scene where Rosemary conceives the Devil's child. The reason was Richard Fleischer's movie *The Best Strangler*.

When Strangler was shown to the British Board of Film Censors (BBFC), they took specialist advice from psychiatrists. Travelyan was told that the visuals and sounds of ripping cloth were potentially stimulating to would-be psychopathic killers and those attracted by rape. As a result, cuts were made in one scene in which cloth was ripped, a victim's legs forced apart then her



sometimes—and then he (Trevelyan) comes along with shorts".

When the BBC bought the British TV rights as part of a 'film package' in 1974, that self-appointed guardian of Britain's morals, Mrs Mary Whitehouse, complained to the Corporation and was told there were no plans to show it. But, two years later, the BBC announced that they would screen the film. Again, Mrs White-

ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)

Starring: *Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, Ruth Gordon, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Evans, Ralph Bellamy, Tony Kelly, Elvira Cook Jr., Angela Lansbury (over Virginia Ferrell), William Castle, Tony Curtis (uncredited)*.

Written & Directed by Roman Polanski; Produced by William Castle; Based on the novel by Ira Levin. Released by Paramount. 134 mins.

HISTORY OF HAMMER

Part Six: Evil of Frankenstein to She 1963-1965

By Bob Sheridan

Hammer's association with Warner Pathé began in 1963 with the release of *The Scarlet Blade* (which Columbus cleverly retitled *The Crimson Blade* when they released it in America). The film was another widecreen colour swashbuckler, written and directed by John Gilling. Featuring Eason Jeffries and Oliver Reed, the movie had its fair share of action thrills, but was notably less violent than *Captain Cling* or *The Plains of Blood River* (one *Hammer past it* in *He-H 20*). Universal distributed Hammer's last 1963 release, *Parasite*, an original Jeremy Sangster thriller starring Oliver Reed. The film introduced a new director, Freddie Francis, to the Hammer household. Francis, though new to directing (he had only begun in 1961), had established himself previously as an expert cinematographer. In addition to the whale sequences for *Moby Dick*, Francis had shot the same ghost film, *The Innocents*. With this background, it is not surprising that Francis rapidly became associated with horror films when he turned to directing *Parasite* concerns a long-lost brother (Alexander Davison), believed dead, who returns to his family in order to claim his estate. Although Davison deals easily with any challenges to the authenticity of his claim, Oliver Reed (as Davison's brother) seems too certain that Davison simply isn't who he says he is. The answers to the plot's questions involve multiple deception, murder, an unhealthy dose of insanity and yet another fiery finale. Hammer-style.

Hammer's first release of 1964, again through Universal, was *Kiss of the Vampire*, Hammer's first real "Hammer horror" since *The Phantom of the Opera*. Once again, atrocious period costuming and Bertrand Robinson's magnificent production designs were trotted out to provide atmosphere for a classic tale of terror. However, this time John Elder's screenplay was original, rather than being based on any previous source. Up until then, every major Hammer colour horror film had been a remake, adaptation, or sequel. Hammer went out on a limb, compounding their risk by not including either Peter Cushing or Christopher Lee in the cast. Even a new director, Don Sharp, was used on this, his first horror film! But, by cleverly combining popular visual and story elements from their previous films with an original story and fresh talent, Hammer turned up a winner.

Kiss of the Vampire tells the story of a young honeymoon couple (Edward de Souza and Jennifer Daniell) traveling by motor car (it is made obvious that the car



Above: Hammer Vampyre Doctor Ravna (Noel Willman) is slowly killed by "real" blood-sucking bats in *Kiss of the Vampire* (1964). Facing page: *Karen Kingman, Kerr Wild and Peter Cushing in two scenes from *Brides of Frankenstein* (1964)*

is a very recent invention through Basana. Since this is a Hammer film and not a remake, the couple's plans are altered quickly, and they fall under the influence of a Doctor Ravna (Noel Willman) and his family. It develops that Ravna's family and immediate circle of acquaintances comprise a cult of vampires. Strong Hitchcockian overtones emerge when Sita Daniell is kidnapped during a macabre ball thrown by the Ravnas and her husband finds that every shred of evidence that she had ever existed has been removed! In desperation, the husband turns to the mysterious Professor Zimmer (Clifford Evans), who reveals that his daughter had been vampirized by the Ravna cult. Several

harrowing adventures later, the young couple are reunited and flee the area. Then Zimmer, in a sequence originally intended for *Dracula II* (released as *Brides of Dracula*), summons up a huge swarm of vampire bats, which fly into Ravna's castle and wipe out the entire cult.

As can be seen even from so sketchy an outline of the film's plot, the characters of Deacula and Van Helsing are strongly implied in the characters of Ravna and Zimmer, respectively. However, more than the names were changed: Zimmer is not the dedicated scientist that Van Helsing is; at times he seems to be a drunken old demented. His motivation in his war against Ravna is personal revenge not any crusading spirit.

urging him to make the world a safer place. In a way, though, Zemmer is a more believable character than Van Helsing, in that the audience is able to relate directly to the cause for Zemmer's actions, while Van Helsing remains somewhat of an enigma. On the vampire side, neither Raava himself nor any of his followers are presented in the traditional movie vampire style. Instead of the traditional black, white is the color of the vampires' clothing. Raava also makes a vague reference to some scientific experiment of his, which went wrong; while this statement is never clarified, it does provide a hint as to the cause of his vampirism.

The overall style of *Kiss of the Vampire* is also different to that of the two Terence Fisher vampire films for Hammer (*Dracula* and *Brides of Dracula*). Fisher's films constantly contrast the attractive surface appeal of the vampires with the horrifying and evil acts which they perform. Don Sharp, however, gives almost no visual evidence of the vampire cult's horrific side. Instead he concentrates on the charming, evocative illusions which the cult uses, allowing the only vampires' cult to hint at the decadence lurking below the surface. Outside of two brief sequences in early sections of the film (and, of course, the

second film of the series) in keeping with the "softening" of the Hammer style (as in *The Scarlet Blade* and *Kiss of the Vampire*), Frankenstein's personality in Bell makes the title seem a bit of a lie. For the only time in the entire series, Frankenstein is treated as a hero!

A major influence on the film seems to have been the fact that it was the first Hammer Frankenstein film to be made for Universal, who held the copyright on the makeup design originally used on Boris Karloff in the 1931 *Frankenstein*. Thus, while original makeup had to be devised for the first two Hammer *Frankensteins*, *The Evil of Frankenstein* allowed Roy Ashton to devise his makeup design around the "classic" Frankenstein appearance Kino Kingstone, an Australian wrestler, appeared as the creature wearing what appeared to be a pile of potato sacks sewn together into a makeshift suit. And, while his makeup suggested that which Jack Pierce had originally created for Universal three decades earlier, the Hammer version, not surprisingly, leaned more toward strikers and scar tissue. Unfortunately, access to Universal's makeup did not inspire Hammer to attempt a stronger

characterisation for Frankenstein's creation, in fact, the creature in this film is less "human" than in either of Hammer's first two outings, with Krugson shuffling about mindlessly.

The film's script indicated that Anthony Hinds was becoming more and more interested in the theme of supernatural retribution. Frankenstein and Hara return after a long absence to the Baron's castle, which has been destroyed by the local populace and robbed of its valuables by the burgomaster and the Chief of Police. Attemping to regain his possessions, Frankenstein is officially banished from the area under penalty of death. In the nearby mountains, the Baron and Hara discover the body of the creature frozen in a block of ice. As Frankenstein reveals in the film's flashback, the creature was his first successful experiment. It escaped and was pursued into the mountains and shot by the police. When its body fell, no one was able to find it... until now. When Frankenstein thawes out the creature and brings it home, he finds that it is alive, but unresponsive to any stimulus.

Frankenstein turns in desperation to Zoltan (Peter Woodthorpe), a greedy



vile drunk). Sharp relies on mood, suspense, and unexpected plot twists (the disappearance of Miss Daniel) to take the place of the expected visual horrors. And the elaborate "rules" of vampirism, as laid down in *Dracula* and expanded on in *Brides of Dracula*, are generally ignored in *Kiss of the Vampire*, which instead chooses to imply its own supernatural universe.

Kiss of the Vampire was followed by Universal's release of *The Evil of Frankenstein*, the third film to feature Peter Cushing as Baron Victor Frankenstein. This time around, Jimmy Sangster and Terence Fisher, the writer-director team behind *The Curse of Frankenstein* (adapted in Hell 2 and 3) and *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, were replaced by John Elder (Anthony Hinds) and Freddie Francis. Elder's sonorously drops the close continuity between the first two films (and even contradicts them in its flashback sequence, although Frankenstein still has an assistant named Hara (Sander Eleg) as he did in the



hypnotist who, like the Baron, has just been ordered to leave town. Zoltan is able to revive the creature, but it only responds to his voice. Using his hypnotic control over the creature, Zoltan has it steal gold and murder the burgomaster. Eventually the creature turns on Zoltan and stabs him to death before the castle catches fire and burns to the ground, taking Frankenstein and his creation with it. Hans escapes, along with a deaf-mute girl (Katy Wild) who was found staring at the creature's frozen body in the mountains.

At this point, it is worthwhile to note that both *Kiss of the Vampire* and *The Evil of Frankenstein* were "doctored" for American television. In both cases, violent footage was eliminated, and whole new sequences with American actors were shot in order to give the films exactly the running time required for a two-hour presentation on commercial network television. The added footage in *The Evil of Frankenstein* mainly concerns the deaf-mute girl, whose condition, we are informed, was caused by seeing the creature when she was a child. Suggestions are made that a certain Dr Freud, who has some expertise in matters of mental difficulties, might be able to cure her. *Kiss of the Vampire* suffered from a worse fate; so much footage was removed (including nearly all of the bat attack) that the title was changed to *Kiss of Evil*. An incredible subplot involving the family of the village woman who sews Raava's ceremonial robes(!) further demolished the atmosphere of the film. Attempting to evaluate the film based on a television viewing would be like looking at a photograph of Christopher Lee and trying to guess what he going to look like in *The Curse of Frankenstein*!

Universal also released another Freddie Francis Hammer thriller, *Nightmare*, which,



Above: Pauline (Richard Petty) sees herself from pugilistic by looking at The Gorgon through a mirror. Below: Jessie Linden (as Janet) discovers the maimed figure of a stronger woman (Cynthia Jung) in her bed one night. From *Nightmare* (1964).

like *Parasol*, was written by Jeremy Sangster and shot in black and white. An addition to Hammer's series of what Sir James Carreras referred to as "man-Hitchcocks", *Nightmare* concerns a young

woman (Dermot Linden) fresh out of an asylum, who returns home and is awakened night after night to find murdered bodies and other uncanny figures in her room, only to be told that she has been dreaming. Once again, the plot twists are the chug, and, while Sangster's revelations were becoming a bit easier to predict, the film still has the power to hold interest throughout.

Next came *The Devil-Sky Pirates*, released in Britain by Associated British-Pathe some months after the film's release (by Columbia) in the USA. Jeremy Sangster stated that he wrote the film for Christopher Lee, who had played the leader of *The Pirates of Blood River* (for which Sangster had written the story, but not the final script). In any case, the role of Captain Roberts was perfect for Lee, who made the most of the opportunities granted him. Dan Sharp directed this thrilling tale of a stray Spanish ship under Lee's command which is plundering the English countryside. The English people under attack offer little resistance, and it is discovered that the Spanish Armada has already been defeated. This news doesn't stop Lee, though—it takes a shipboard battle and a bullet in the chest (which causes Lee to do a spectacular backwards stagger across the deck) to put an end to Lee's reign of terror.

Hammer was back on more familiar



ground with their next two releases, both through Columbia. *The Gorgon* (adapted in Holt II and III) marked the first teaming of director Terence Fisher with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee since *The Mummy* (adapted in Holt 22) in 1959. John Gillings scripted, from a story by J. Llewellyn Davies, and the film introduced Barbara Shelley in her first leading role for Hammer (her previous films included *The Village of the Damned* and the Hammer-styled *Shadow of the Cat*). Fisher has offered nothing but praise for Miss Shelley, describing her as "a great performer, very emotional, and projecting that emotion to such an extent... the camera photographs thought. Funny thing, she cameras—far more selective than the theatre audience, it can be fooled, the cameras can." Fisher obviously paid a great deal of attention to the qualities he saw in Miss Shelley, who gave a flawless performance as Carla Hoffman, the amnesic nurse possessed by the spirit of an ancient creature. When in gorgon form, the role was played by Nessie Hyatt; Miss Shelley said that she had wanted to play the "monster" part herself, but that the shooting schedule did not permit it.

Terence Fisher has also declared his fondness for plots which cover a long time period (*The Curse of the Werewolf*, a Fisher favourite, spanned three generations), and, while *The Gorgon* covers a relatively short timespan, it does chronicle the unfortunate history of a family. Two brothers and their father, apparently all that remains of the Heitz family, meet death in this, the first Hammer film in which even the hero dies. The method of death is particularly horrifying—the victims are turned to stone—and one of the film's best scenes depicts the gradual death of Professor Heitz (Michael Goodliffe), who attempts to write a letter to his remaining son, Paul (Richard Pasco), before the process of petrification is completed. One problem the film has is that the appearance of the gorgon simply is not horrible enough to make the viewer believe that the mere sight of her will turn mortals to stone. However, the cast and direction forge ahead with such conviction that one can easily go along with the premise.

Fisher's direction emphasises character interplay and the atmosphere of doom at the expense of the script's nominal mystery elements. Time after time, he virtually tells the audience that Carla is the character who harbours the gorgon's spirit by visually making her the only suspect. When Paul is nearly killed in his first near-encounter with the gorgon, the last thing he sees before passing out is the face of the gorgon reflected in a pool; the first thing he sees when he awakens is a hazy idea of his stupor vision of Carla's face, as she looks down upon his benumbed figure. And Carla is repeatedly depicted in shots and situations in which her form is made to suggest that of the gorgon.

Although Cushing and Lee share little onscreen time together, they are both in top form, and their first scene together ripples with electricity. Actually, the scene was difficult to perform as they were trying to avoid laughing. It seems that on an early take, Lee referred to Cushing's character, Doctor Narinsen, as "Doctor Nasty Cough", and the actors had great difficulty meeting each other's gaze without laughing after the incident. In an interesting bit of switch-casting, Lee got the role of the educated adversary of evil, while Cushing portrayed the man villainous character less hamstrung with unabashed enthusiasm, while Cushing played with dignified restraint, suggesting a depth of character which otherwise could not have been conveyed.

The Gorgon's companion piece was *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb*, which, while borrowing its title from two entries in the original Universal Mummy series, was an

frustration between brothers, one living, one a living corpse, takes place in an early-photographed sewer.

Hammer's first release of 1968, again through Columbia, was *Facinile (Or Die! My Darling in USA)*. Novelist Richard Matheson's *An Legend*, The Shining Afar, fresh from scripting Roger Corman's Edgar Allan Poe adaptations for American International Pictures, based his screenplay on Anne Blasdell's novel *Nightmare* (a title which Hammer obviously could not use, at this point). Canadian television director Silvio Narizzano directed a cast headed by Telly Savalas and Stefanie Powers, with then-newcomer Donald Sutherland in a supporting role. A full review of *Facinile* and interview with its director appeared in Holt 15.

Unlike Hammer's *Jurors*, *Sangster*-scripted psychological thriller, *Facinile* was shot in colour. And Matheson pulled a grand rabbit out of the hat with an ending



Dickie Oberle as the Mummy under the London sewer with his co-star, Stefanie Powers (as Anne Blasdell). *Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* (1969).

original story (Hammer had already remade the entire original series into one picture when they made *The Mummy* in 1959). Michael Carreras produced, directed and wrote the film, crediting the screenplay to "Henry Younger"—Carreras' answer to Anthony Hind's pen name, "John Elder."

The film opens with a solid shock, when a prisoner of an Egyptian cult suddenly has his hand cut off at the end of an extended continuous take. Later, the mummy (Dickie Oberle) gets ample opportunity to go-on-the-anticipated rampage, but the most distinctive quality is not violence. With the mummy lurching about providing the required monster footage, Carreras is able to devote some time to the question of immortality. The mummy's brother (Ronald Howard) has eternal youth, and he is quite fed up with it. Like Anton Diffring in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*, he sees the dark side of immortality—especially after living for thousands of years. The film's final con-

sequence only surprise was that there was no surprise ending! Instead, the film offers a gradual revelation of the facts behind Miss Bankhead's insane behaviour, with none of the abrupt plot twists that Sangster was so fond of. In this way, Matheson was able to develop the plot around his characters, rather than the other way around. All of the shocks developed naturally from the characters and their situations. A full measure of Hammer horror was included, particularly in a sequence in which Mrs Powers is stabbed with a large pair of scissars which remain embedded in her shoulder throughout the scene.

Hammer broke new ground with their next release, *She* (distributed by Warner-Pathe in Britain and MGM in the USA). With their adaptation of H. Rider Haggard's classic novel of immortality and reincarnation, Hammer moved into the realm of the spectacle. Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee both had prominent roles in the film, ensuring that regular Hammer

VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

MRS MURPHY'S MURDERS

THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS THE WAY THEY SEEM. ARE THEY EVEN THE MOST TRUTHFUL PEOPLE... WELL, SEE WHAT I MEAN IN THIS TALES OF...

IT WAS JUST A NORMAL DAY FOR MRS MURPHY. SHE DIDN'T GET MANY CALLERS, BUT, AT 11 O'CLOCK...

MORNIN' MURPHY! ELECTRICITY BOARD... I'VE COME TO READ THE METER...

COME IN, MY BOY! IT'S IN THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS... YOU CAN CHECK IT WHILE I GO TO THE KITCHEN...

MRS MURPHY WANTS HER FOND OF PICTURES...

THERE WE ARE MURRAY. ALL FINISHED...

FINISHED? YES, YES...

ANDREW, DAD COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE THEM CREEPY...

AAAUGH!

SHUNK!
SHUNK!



AND THE
MURKIN WAS
IN OBLIVION
FELLOW...

NOW, WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO WITH YOU?
MY BOY CAN'T PUT
YOU IN THE BASE-
MENT. MUST BE
GETTING NEARLY
FULL!

AAARGH!

WAK!

MUCH
CONVENTIONAL
THAN EVER AND
MURRAY DIDN'T
EVEN BOTHER TO
CLEAR UP BEFORE
WAVING THE
POLICE...

YES,
THIS IS
MRS MURRAY
... AND IT'S
DEFINITELY
NOT A
HOAX!

BUT...

NOW, LISTEN,
MRS MURRAY. I'M RED
UP WITH THESE FAIRY
TALES. YOU HAVEN'T
KILLED ANYONE AND
THERE'S NO BODY
AND I'VE NO MORE
PATIENCE!

BUT
I KILLED
HIM. DID I
DID I DID?

TRY TO
RELAX, MRS
MURRAY. PERHAPS
THE PLACE IS
HAUNTED. PERHAPS
YOU'VE BEEN SEEING
SHOTS. THERE'S
A COFFEE AND
A CUPPA!

FOR MRS
MURRAY AND
DAD WOULD
BELIEVE HER.

BUT PERHAPS THEY
WOULD THIS TIME...

GLAARK!

SHUT UP.
MURKIN. IT WON'T
HAVE YOU ENCOURAGING
HER HALLUCINATIONS?
C'MON, WHERE'S
LEAVING...

EXCUSE ME,
CONSTABLE.

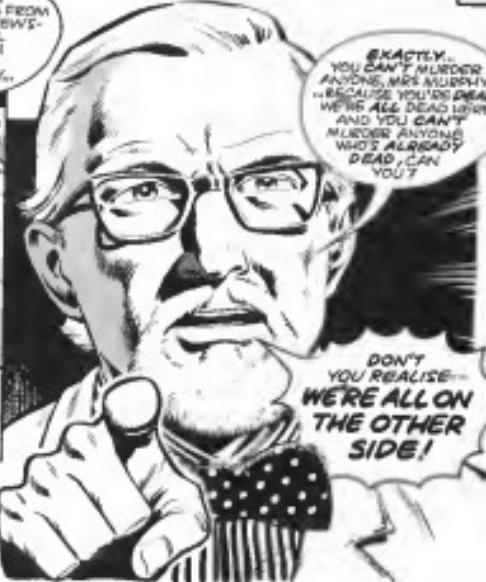
NOT SO
MUCH NOISE,
DEAR BOY. I WOULD
THE NEIGHBOURS
THINK I



BUT EVEN QUITE A LONG CAVIAR ISN'T ENOUGH TO MAKE MURPHY CHANGE HIS MIND.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY LEFT, WE DON'T ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, OF COURSE.

AM YOUR FILE, YOU'VE BEEN WITH US FIVE YEARS, MRS MURPHY: DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU WERE BEFORE THAT?





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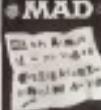
122 STARSKY AND HUTCH



123 THE SHOOTER



124 MARATHON MAN



125 BIRING THERES



126 KING KONG



127 THE NETWORK



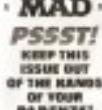
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46

